M1504
V27U57
V

Hazel Gardner - 1910

The Unsuspected Isle

Words Music Lyrics by the Class of 1907

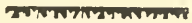
Presented at Vassar

June First

PUBLISHED BY
THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
CINCINNATI CHICAGO. NEW YORK
LEIPSIC LONDON

The Unsuspected Isle

A Musical Play In Two Acts



Book By

E. C. Bryner E. Conover M. Gardner E. Bowman

Lyrics By

S. M. Bowne E. C. Brewster A. M. Grant
K. C. Merrill N. J. Ryder F. R. Sweeney

Music By

M. Milinowsky E. Bowman G. C. Taylor

Senior Play Committee

E. BOWMAN, Chairman

E. Conover E. V. W. Hubbard A. M. Grant
A. C. Reed F. R. Sweeney M. Vilas

Published By
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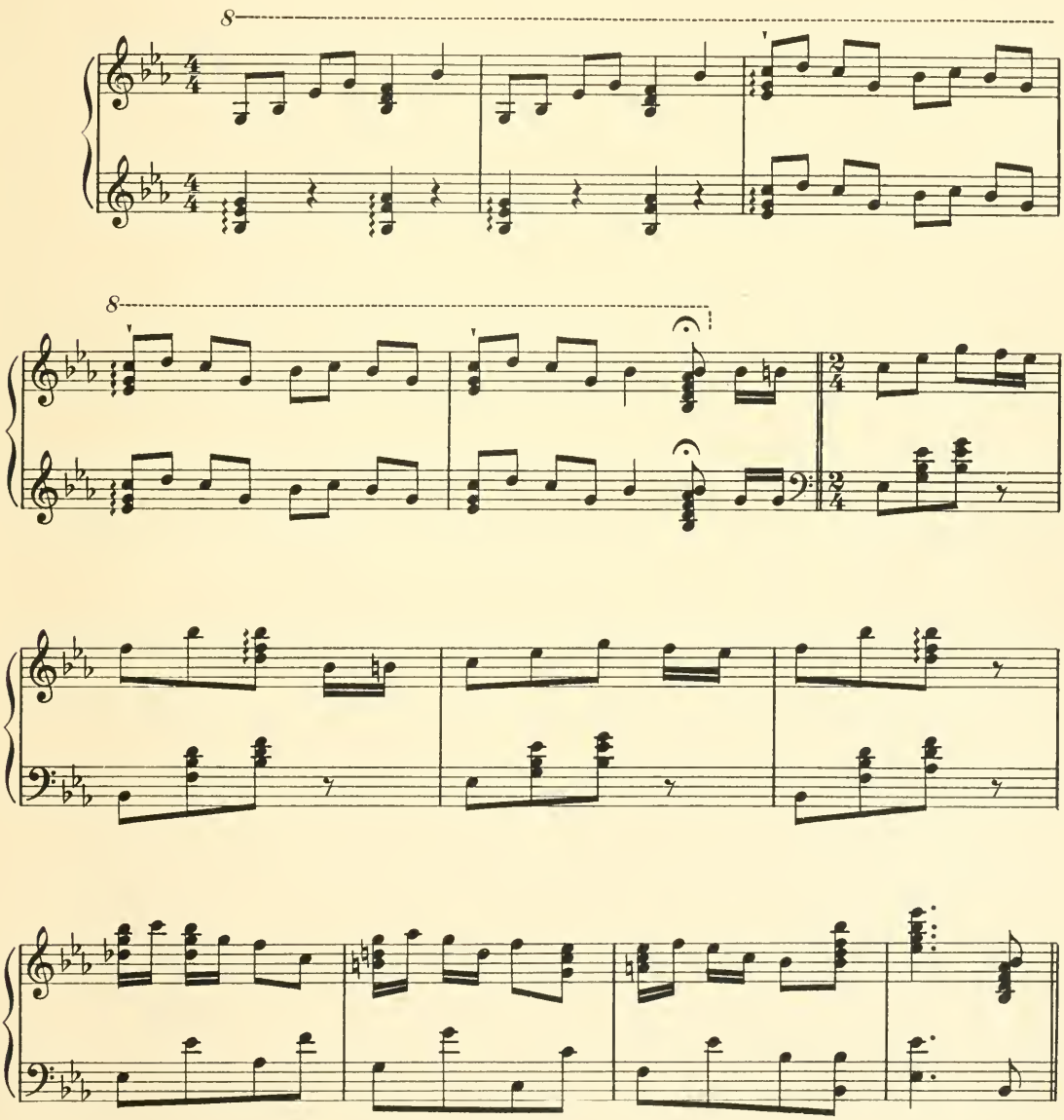
Opening Chorus Act I.

Words by
A. M. GRANT.

Music by
G. C. TAYLOR.



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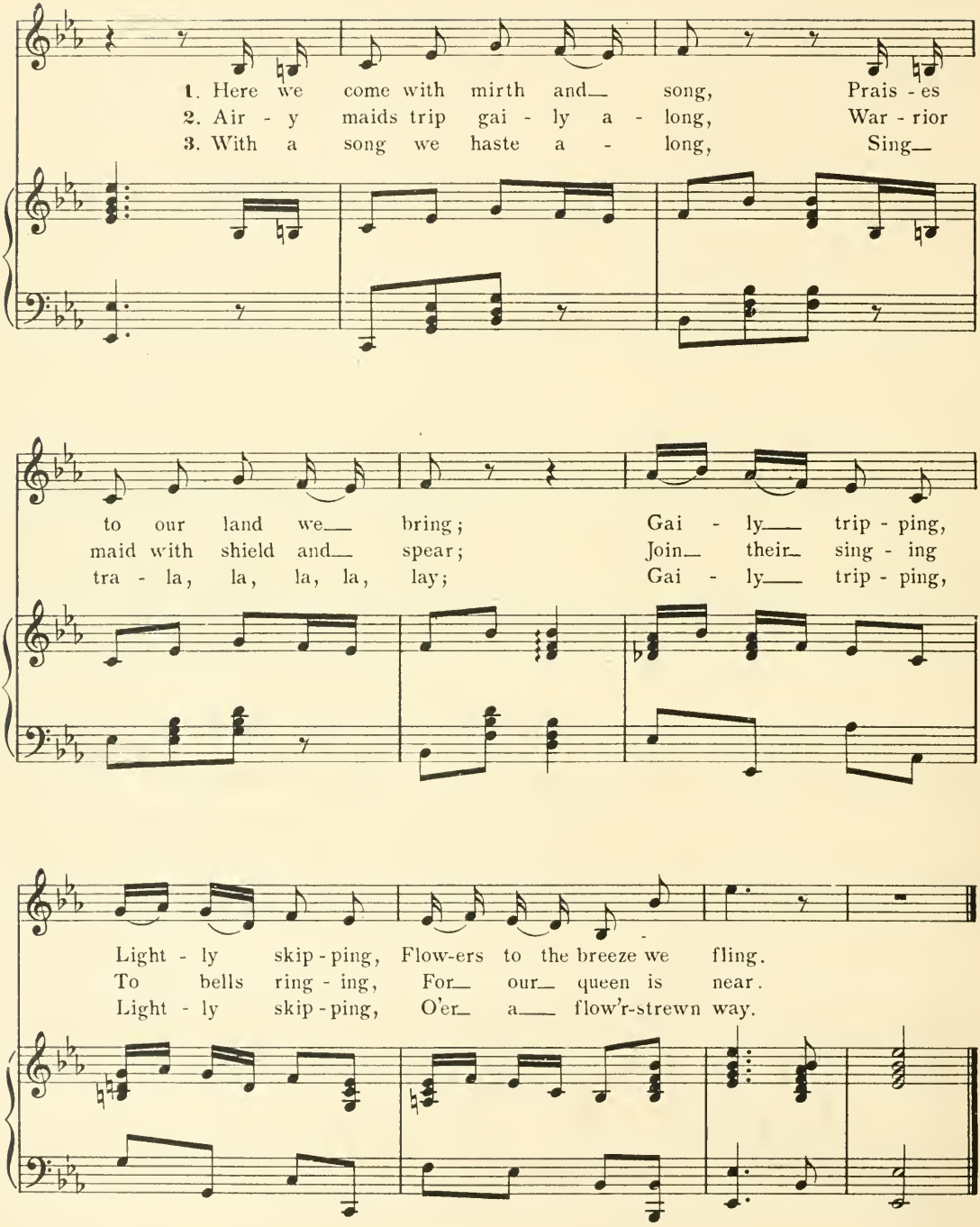
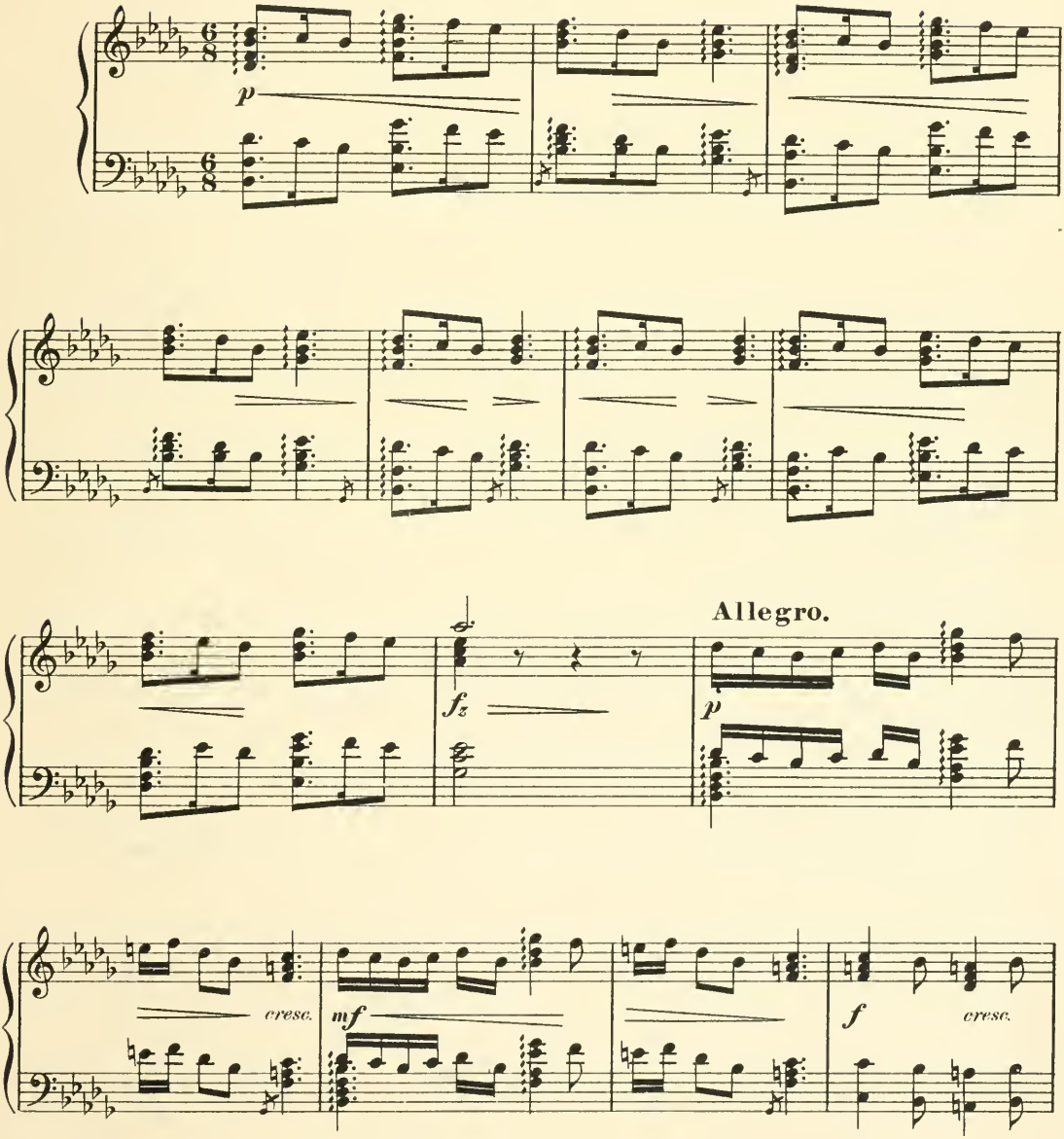

1. Here we come with mirth and song, Prais - es
2. Air - y maids trip gai - ly a - long, War - rior
3. With a song we haste a - long, Sing
to our land we bring; Gai - ly trip - ping,
maid with shield and spear; Join their sing - ing
tra - la, la, la, la, lay; Gai - ly trip - ping,
Light - ly skip - ping, Flow-ers to the breeze we fling.
To bells ring - ing, For our queen is near.
Light - ly skip - ping, O'er a flow'r-strewn way.

The Storm.

Music by
G. C. TAYLOR.

Andante grazioso.



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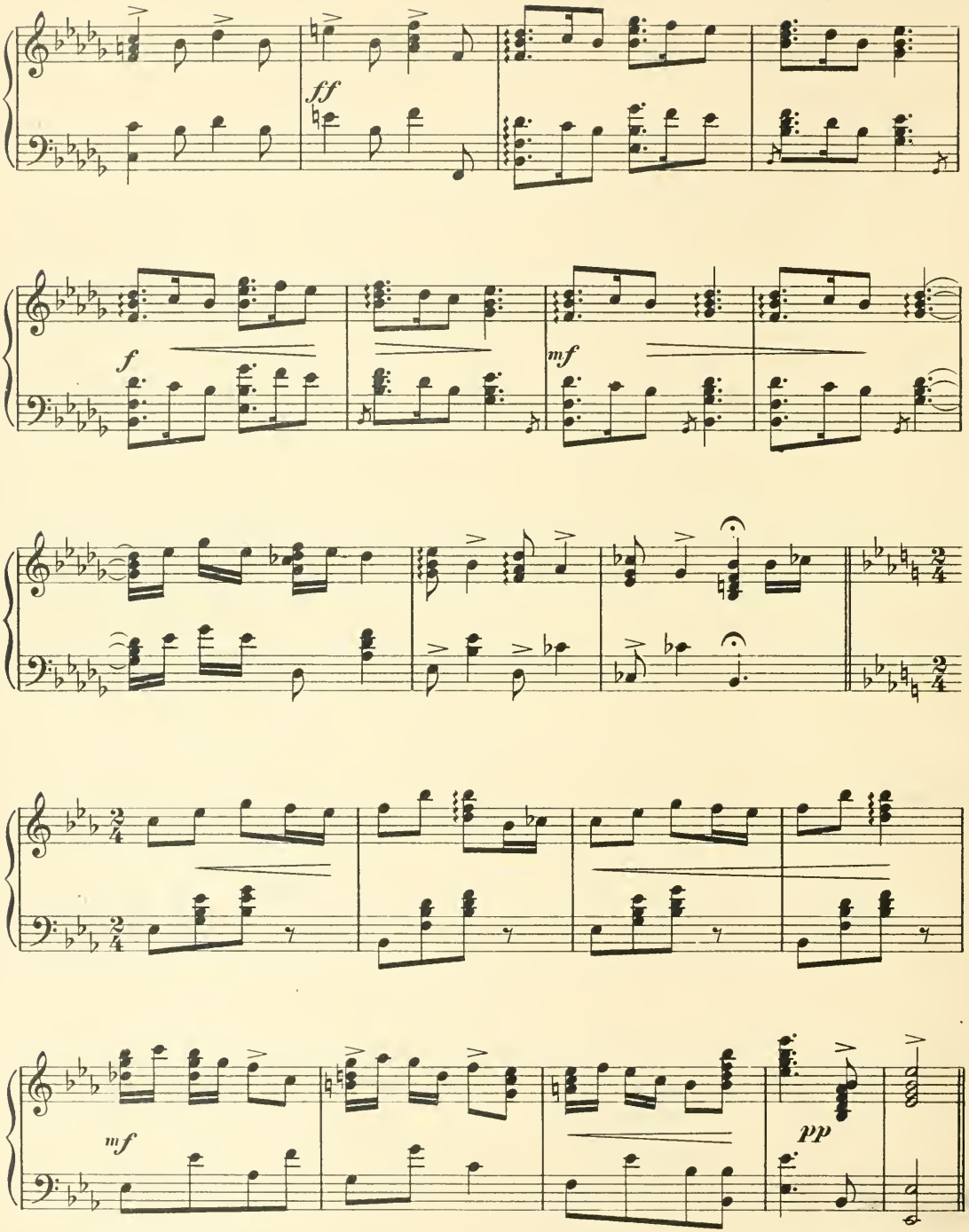
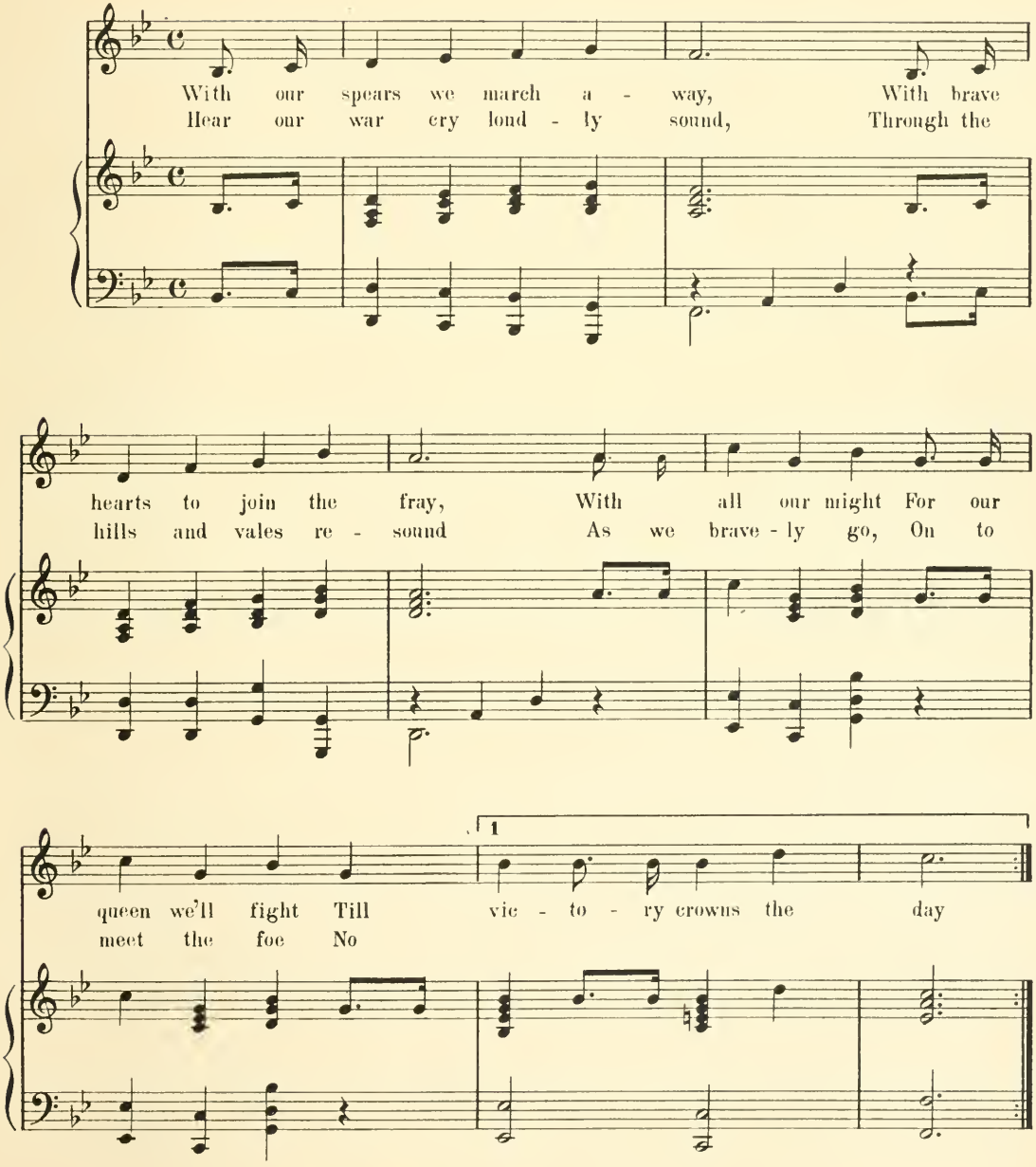

ff
f
mf
mf
pp

Amazon's Marching Song.

Words by
A. GRANT.

Music by
G. C. TAYLOR.

With our spears we march a - way, With brave
Hear our war cry lond - ly sound, Through the
hearts to join the fray, With all our might For our
hills and vales re - sound As we brave - ly go, On to
1
queen we'll fight Till vic - to - ry crowns the day
meet the foe No

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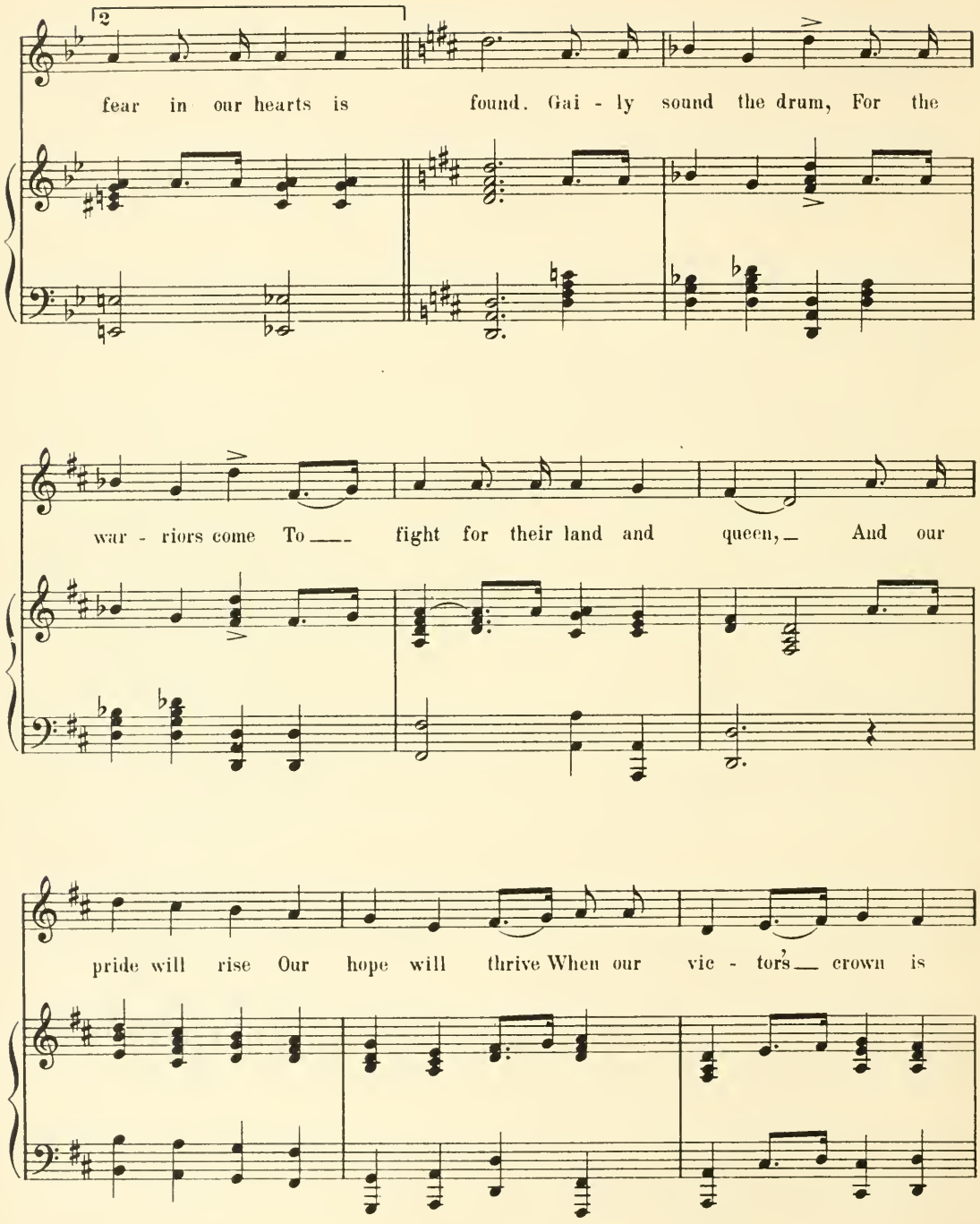
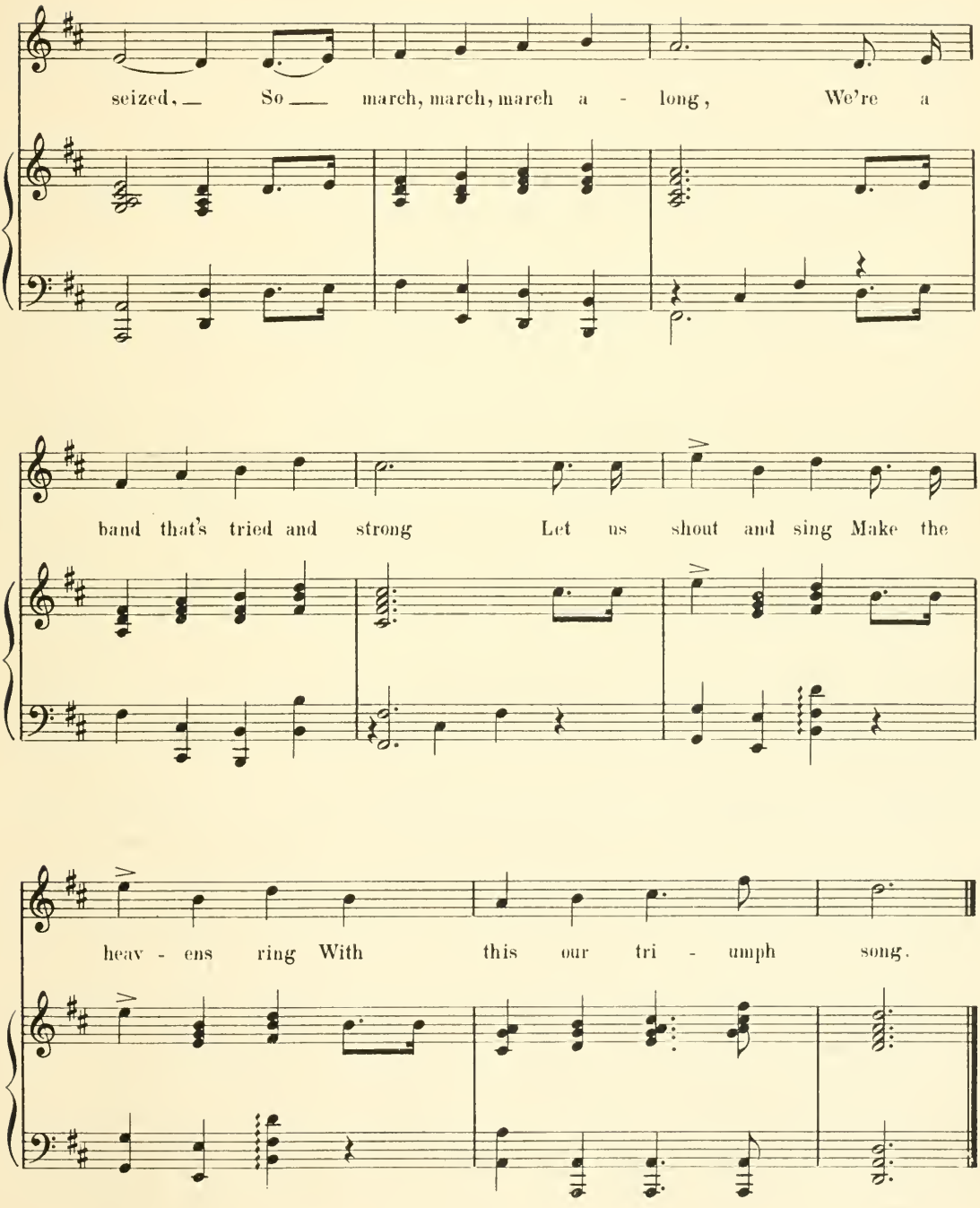
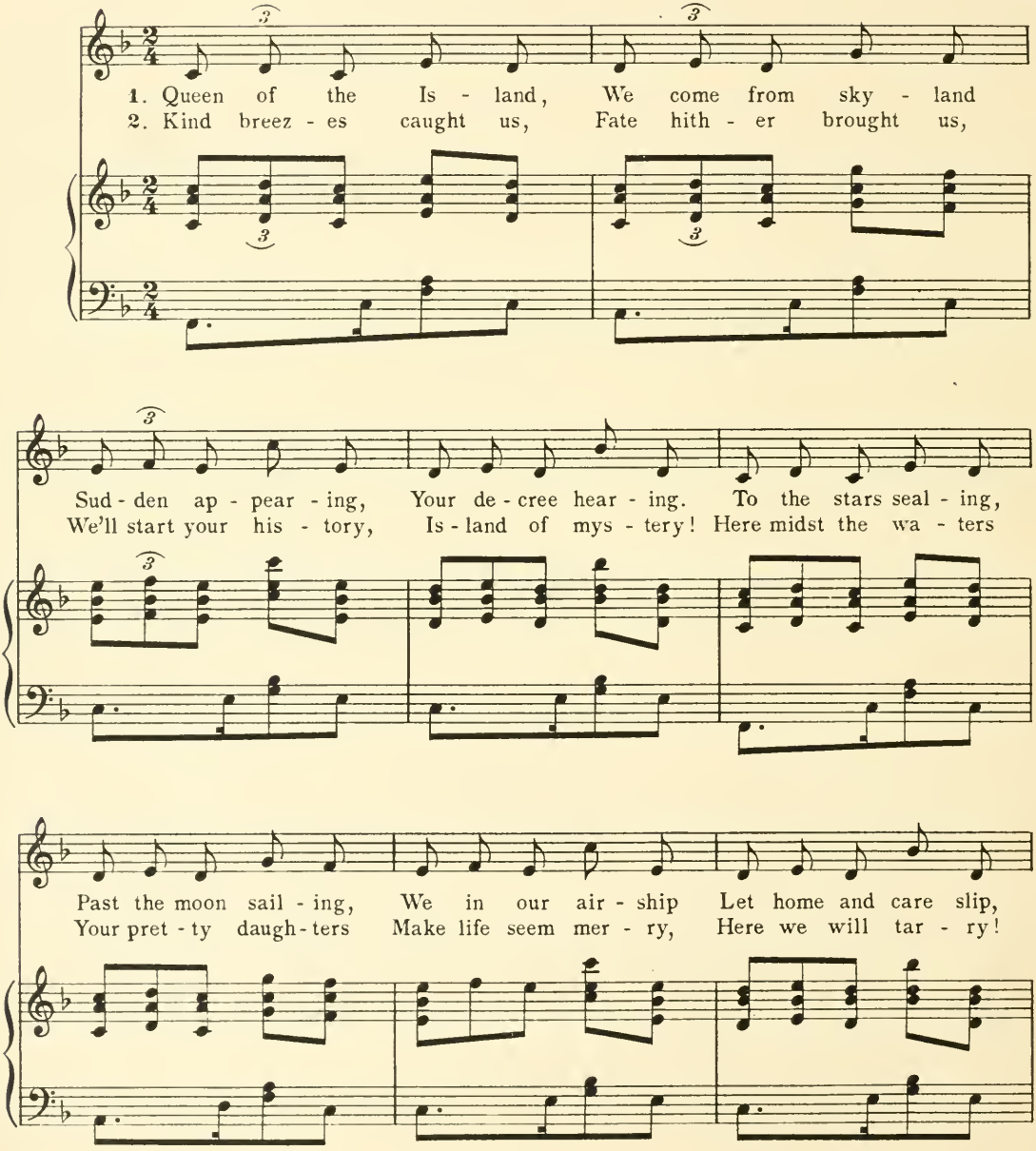

2
fear in our hearts is found. Gai - ly sound the drum, For the
war - riors come To fight for their land and queen, And our
pride will rise Our hope will thrive When our vic - tors crown is

seized, So march, march, march a - long, We're a
band that's tried and strong Let us shout and sing Make the
heav - ens ring With this our tri - umph song.

Song of the Six Suitors.

Words by
E. C. BREUSTER.

Music by
G. C. TAYLOR.

1. Queen of the Is - land, We come from sky - land
2. Kind breez - es caught us, Fate hith - er brought us,
Sud - den ap - pear - ing, Your de - cree hear - ing. To the stars seal - ing,
We'll start your his - tory, Is - land of mys - tery! Here midst the wa - ters
Past the moon sail - ing, We in our air - ship Let home and care slip,
Your pret - ty daugh - ters Make life seem mer - ry, Here we will tar - ry!

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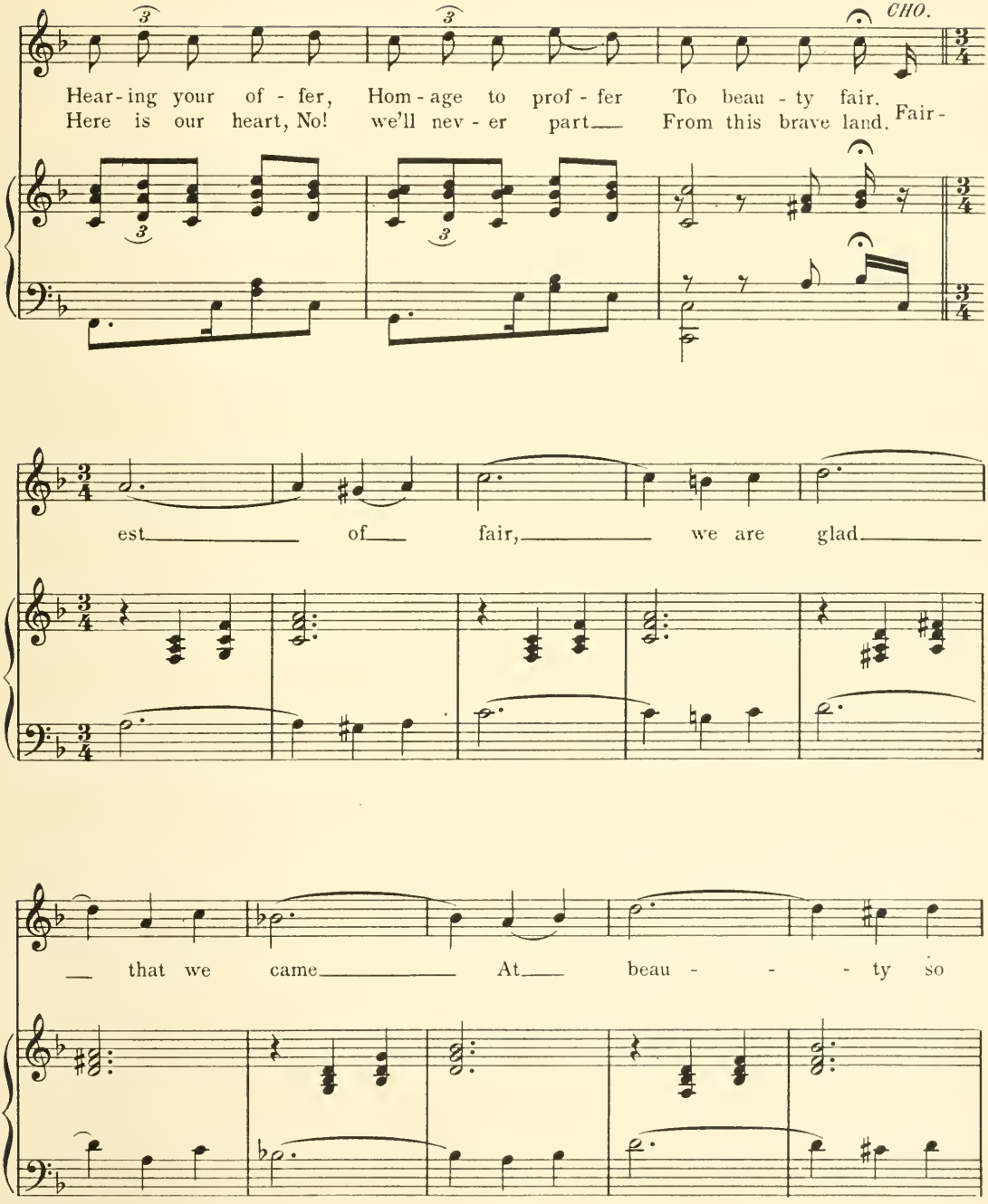
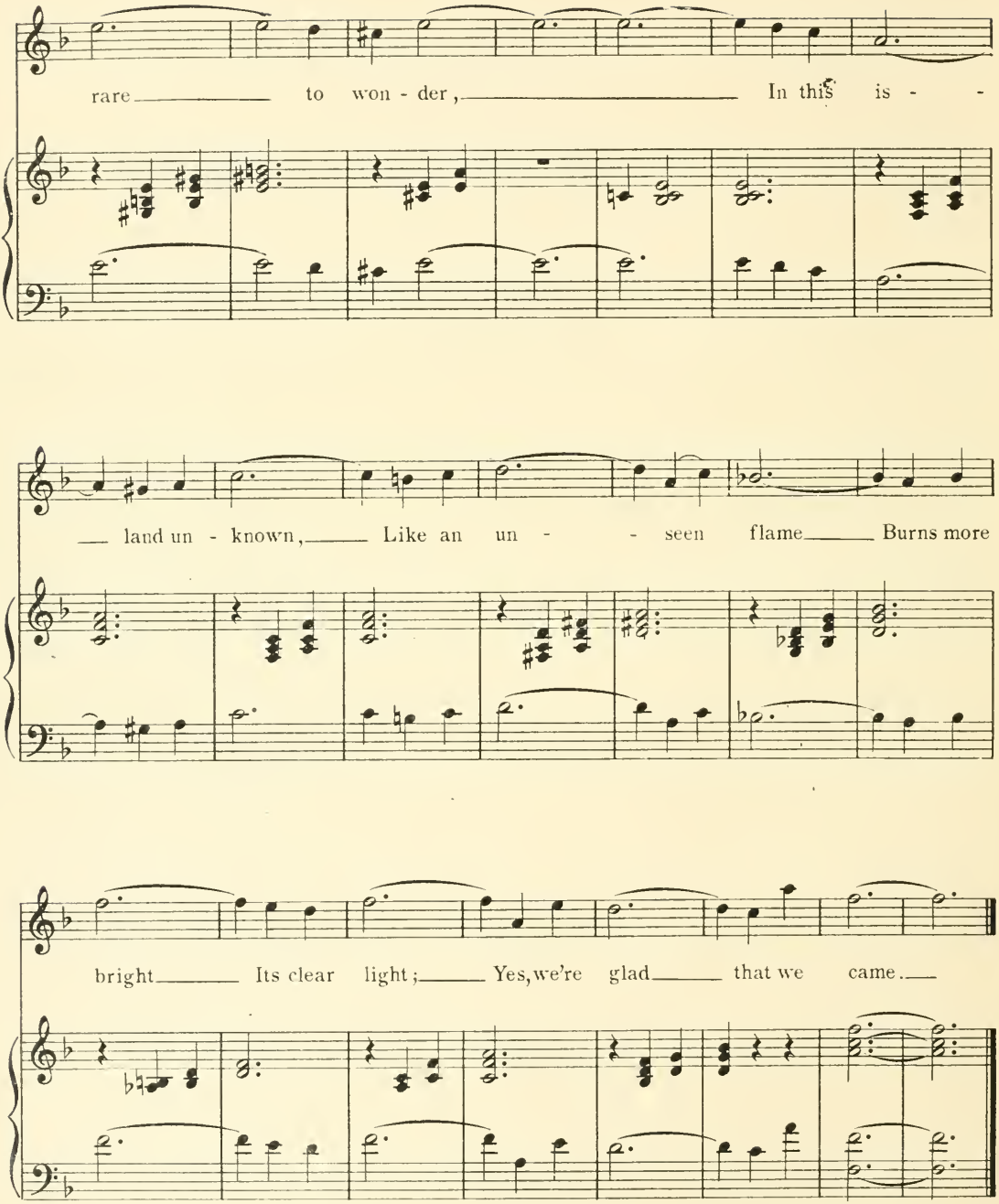
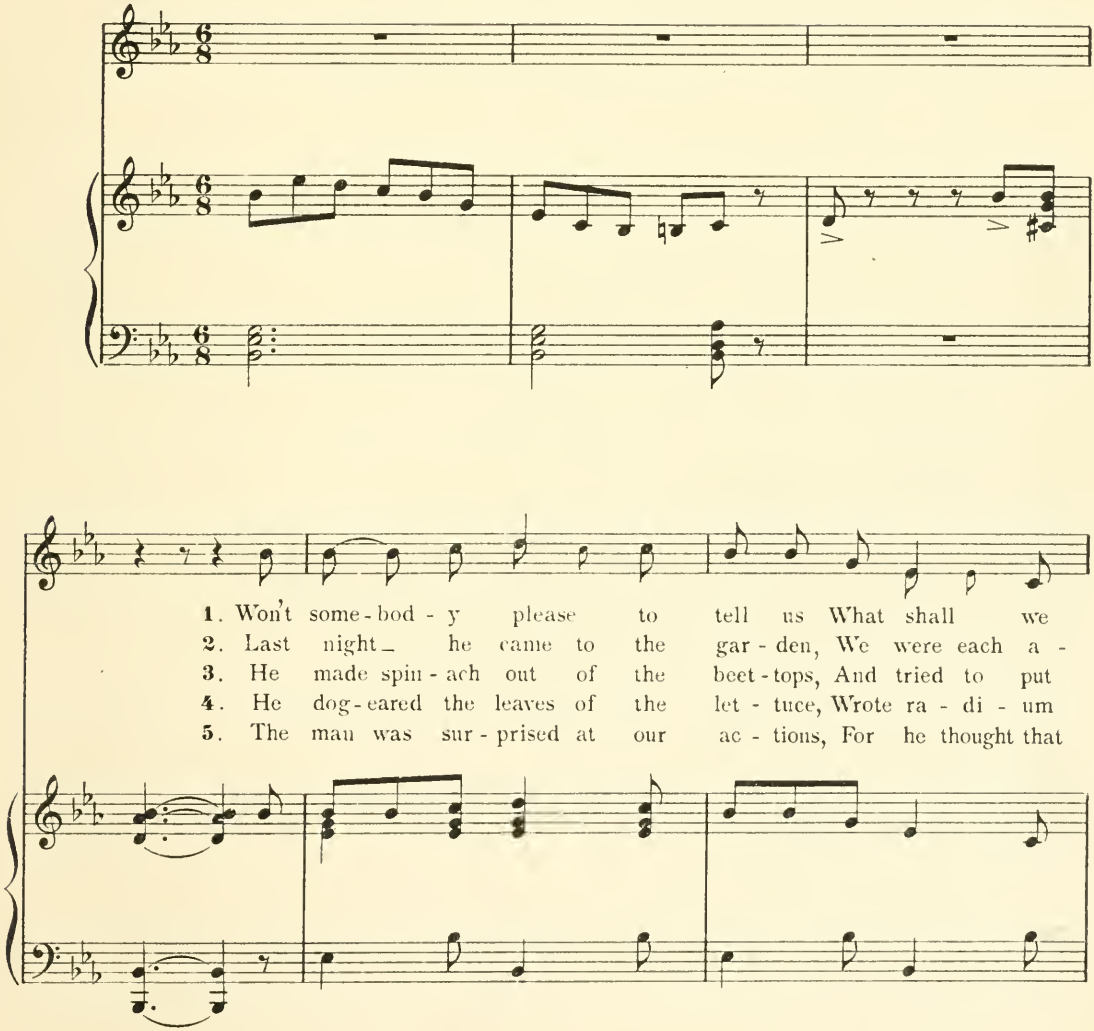

CHO.
Hear-ing your of - fer, Hom - age to prof - fer To beau - ty fair.
Here is our heart, No! we'll nev - er part From this brave land. Fair-
est of fair, we are glad
that we came At beau - - - ty so

rare to won - der, In this is - -
land un - known, Like an un - - seen flame Burns more
bright Its clear light; Yes, we're glad that we came.

Vegetable Song.

Words by
F. R. SWEENEY.

Music by
E. BOWMAN.

1. Won't some-bod-y please to tell us What shall we
2. Last night he came to the gar-den, We were each a-
3. He made spin-ach out of the beet-tops, And tried to put
4. He dog-eared the leaves of the let-tuce, Wrote ra-di-um
5. The man was sur-prised at our ac-tions, For he thought that

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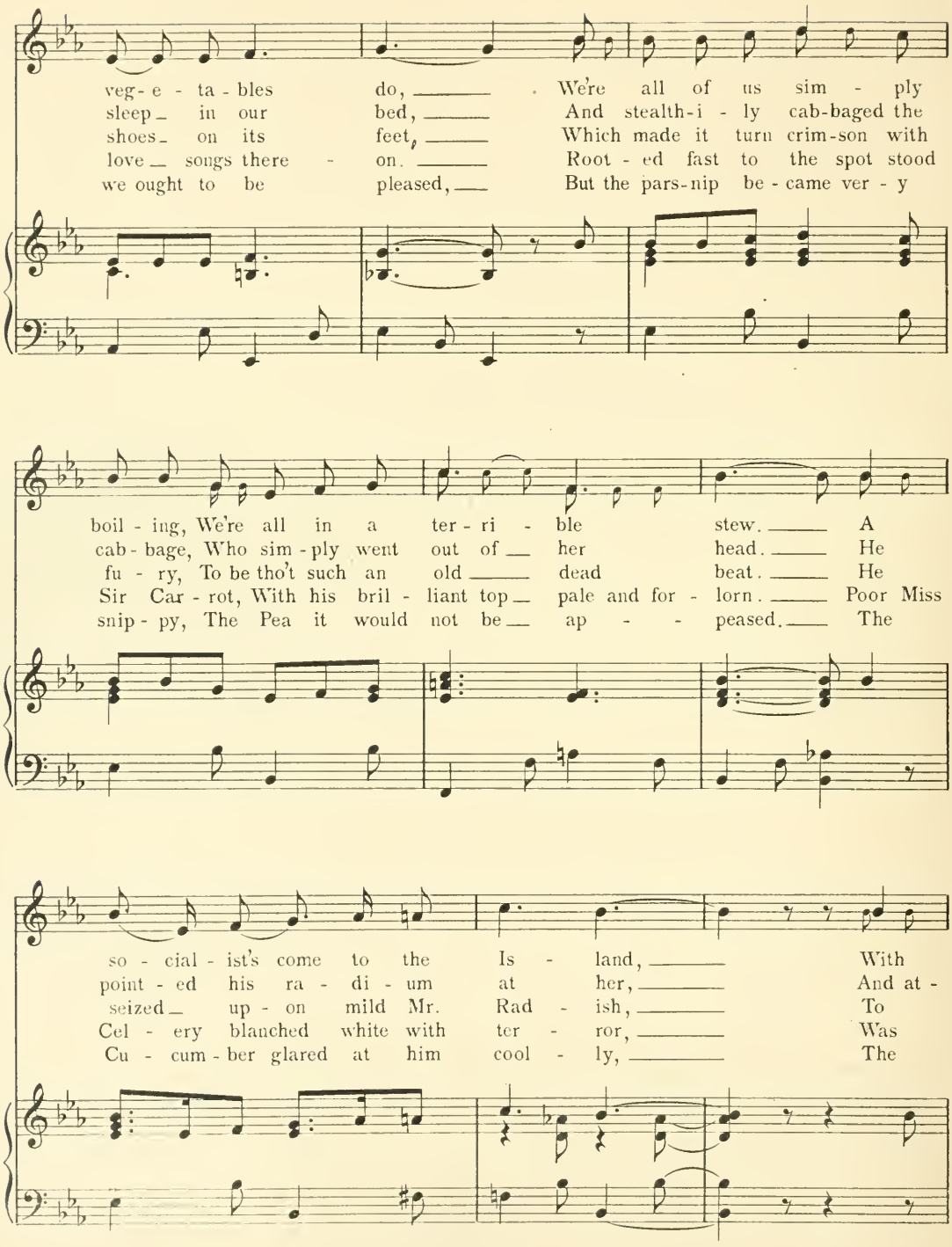
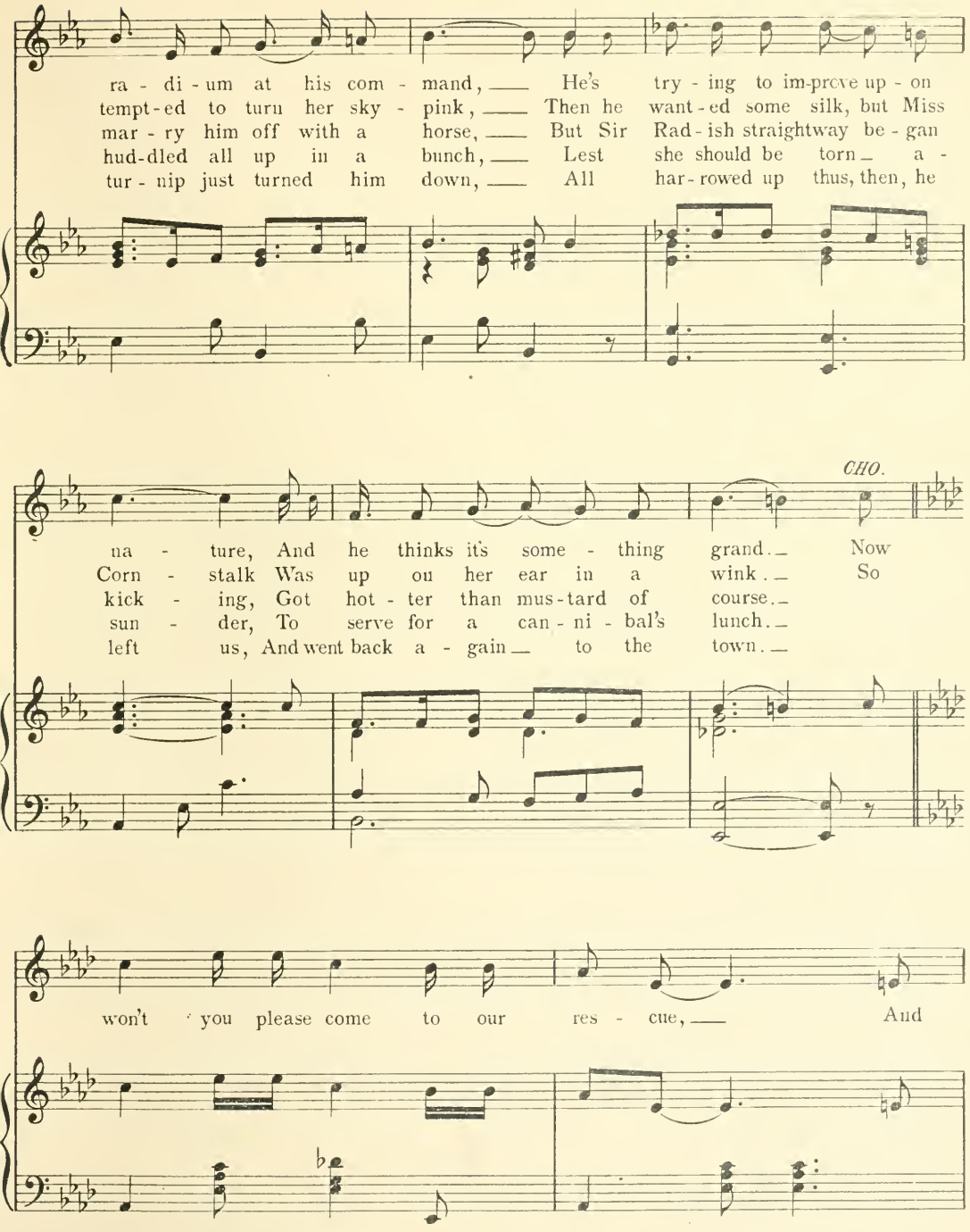
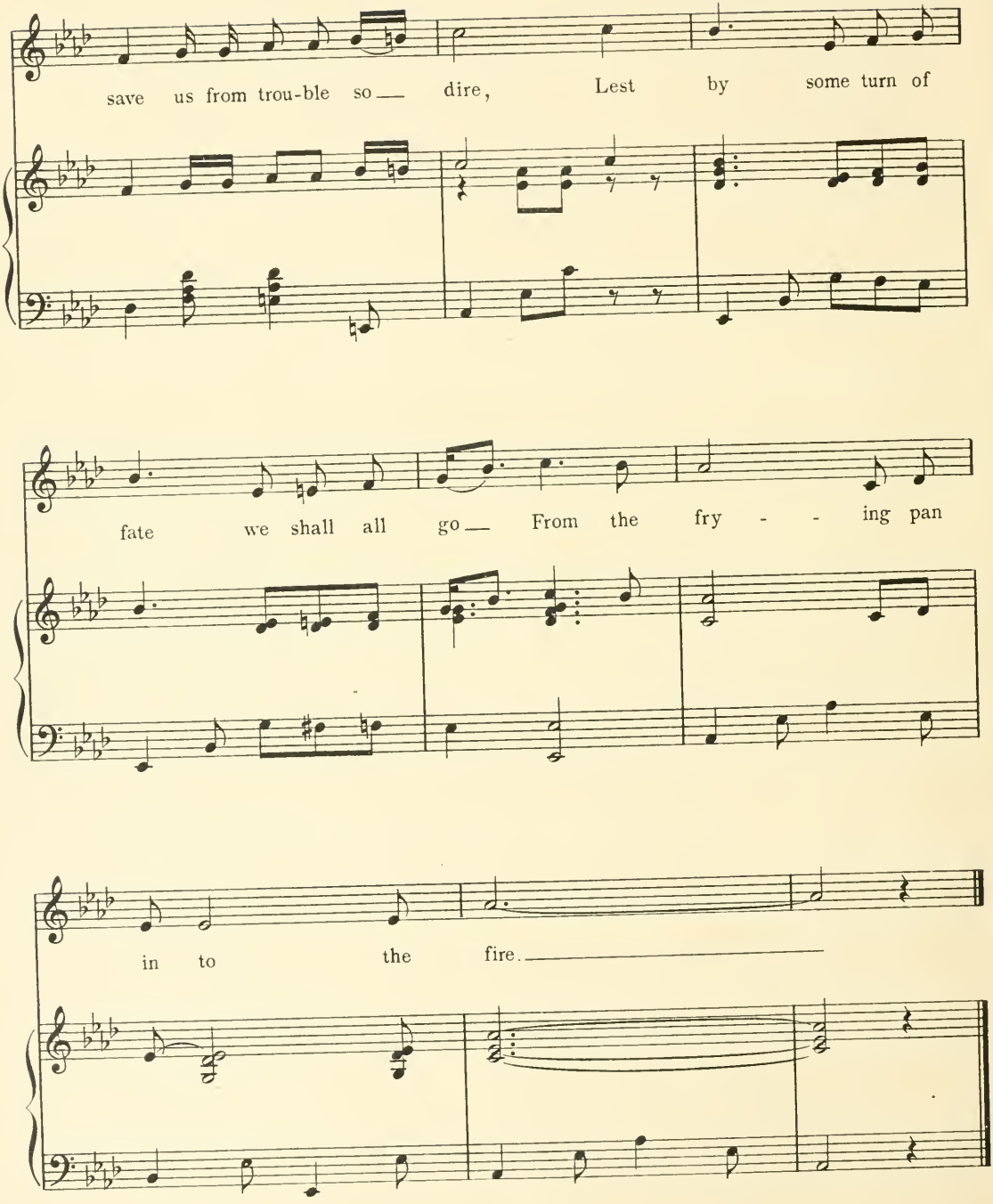

veg - e - ta - bles do, We're all of us sim - ply
sleep in our bed, And stealth-i - ly cab-baged the
shoes on its feet, Which made it turn crim-son with
love songs there - on. Root - ed fast to the spot stood
we ought to be pleased, But the pars-nip be - came ver - y
boil - ing, We're all in a ter - ri - ble stew. A
cab - bage, Who sim - ply went out of her head. He
fu - ry, To be tho't such an old dead beat. He
Sir Car - rot, With his bril - liant top pale and for - lorn. Poor Miss
snip - py, The Pea it would not be ap - peased. The
so - cial - ist's come to the Is - land, With
point - ed his ra - di - um at her, And at -
seized up - on mild Mr. Rad - ish, To
Cel - ery blanched white with ter - ror, Was
Cu - cum - ber glared at him cool - ly, The

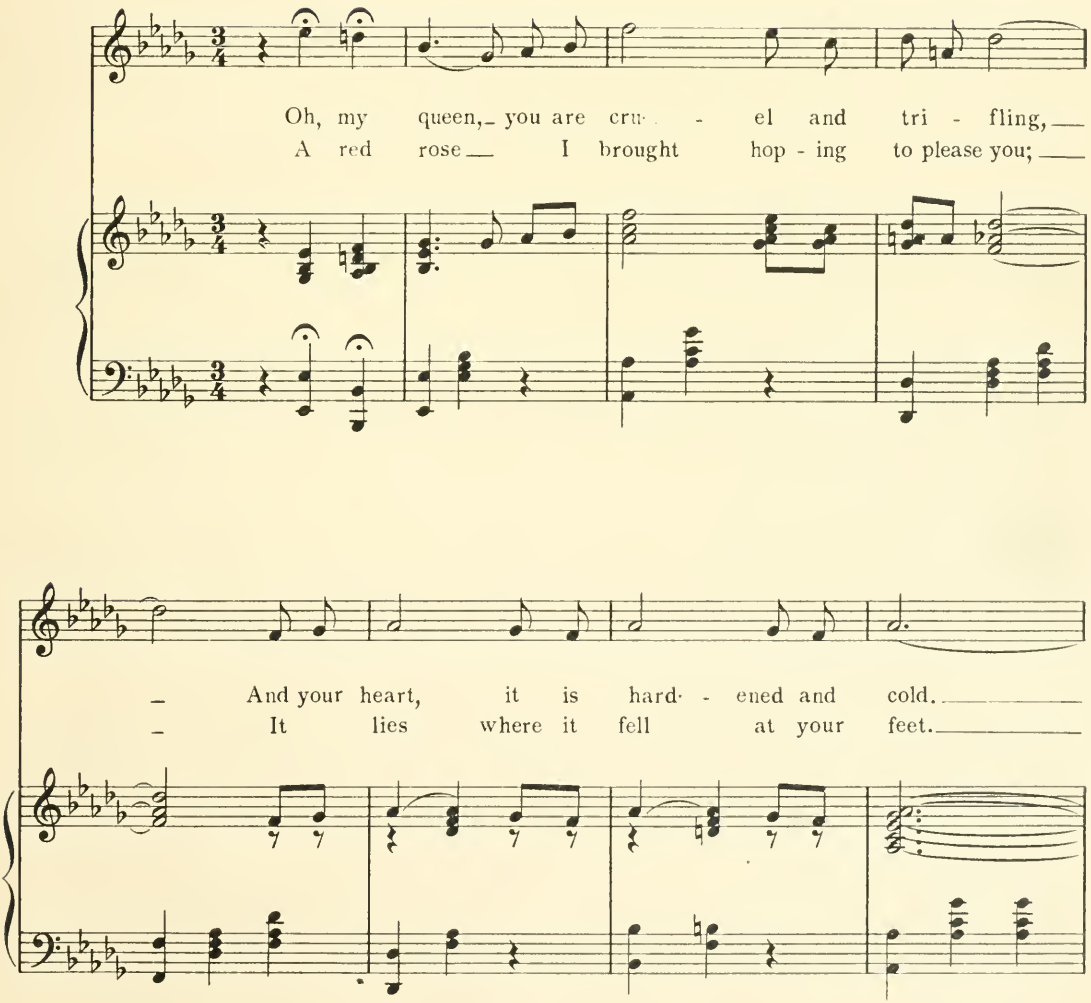

ra - di - um at his com - mand, — He's try - ing to im-prove up - on
tempt-ed to turn her sky - pink, — Then he want-ed some silk, but Miss
mar - ry him off with a horse, — But Sir Rad - ish straightway be - gan
hud-dled all up in a bunch, — Lest she should be torn — a -
tur - nip just turned him down, — All har - rowed up thus, then, he
CHO.
na - ture, And he thinks it's some - thing grand. — Now
Corn - stalk Was up on her ear in a wink. — So
kick - ing, Got hot - ter than mus-tard of course. —
sun - der, To serve for a can - ni - bal's lunch. —
left us, And went back a - gain — to the town. —
won't you please come to our res - cue, — And


save us from trou-ble so — dire, Lest by some turn of
fate we shall all go — From the fry - - ing pan
in to the fire.

The "Burden" of Love.

Words by
K. C. MERRILL.

Music by
G. C. TAYLOR.


Oh, my queen, you are cru - el and tri - fling,
A red rose I brought hop - ing to please you;
And your heart, it is hard - ened and cold.
It lies where it fell at your feet.

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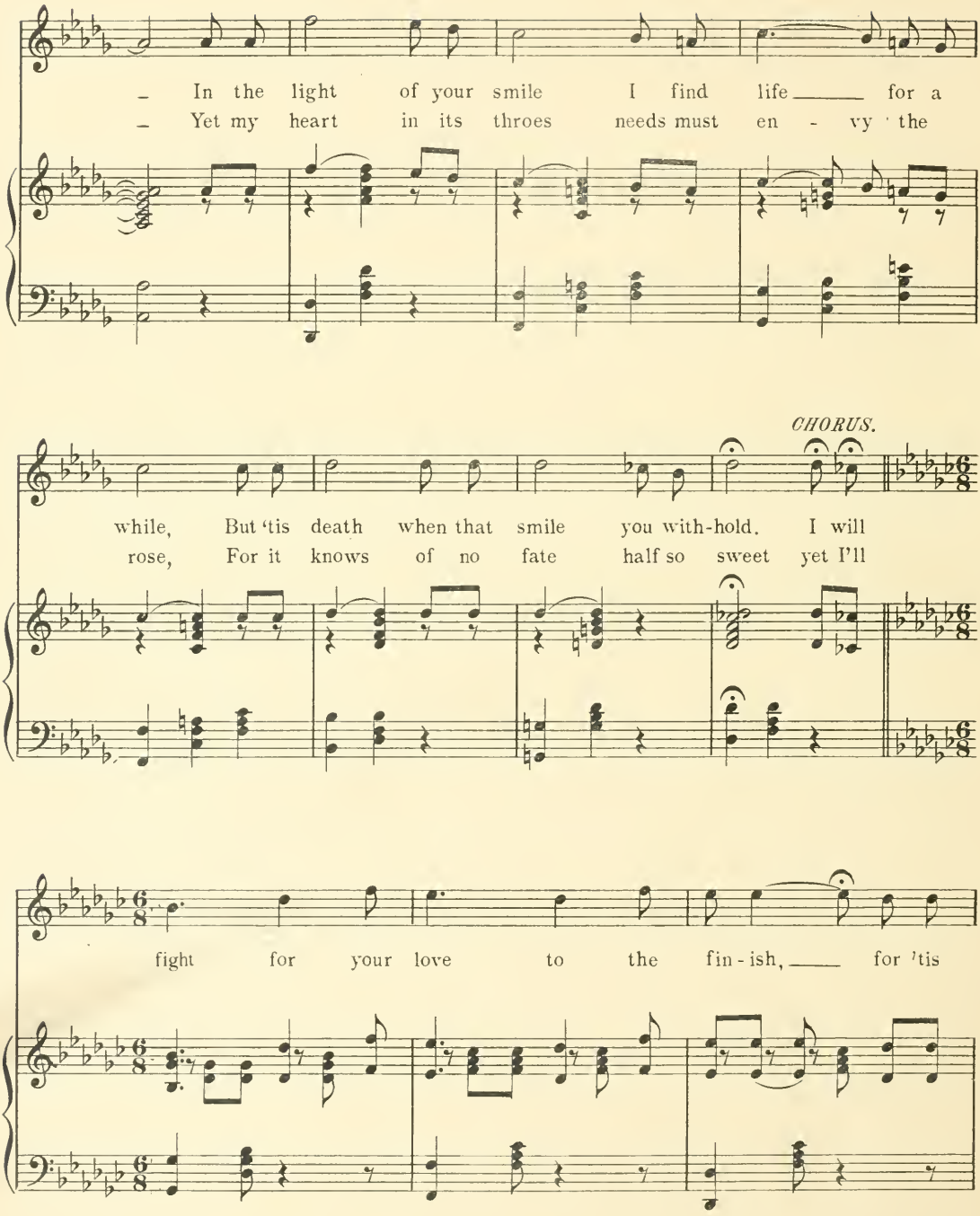
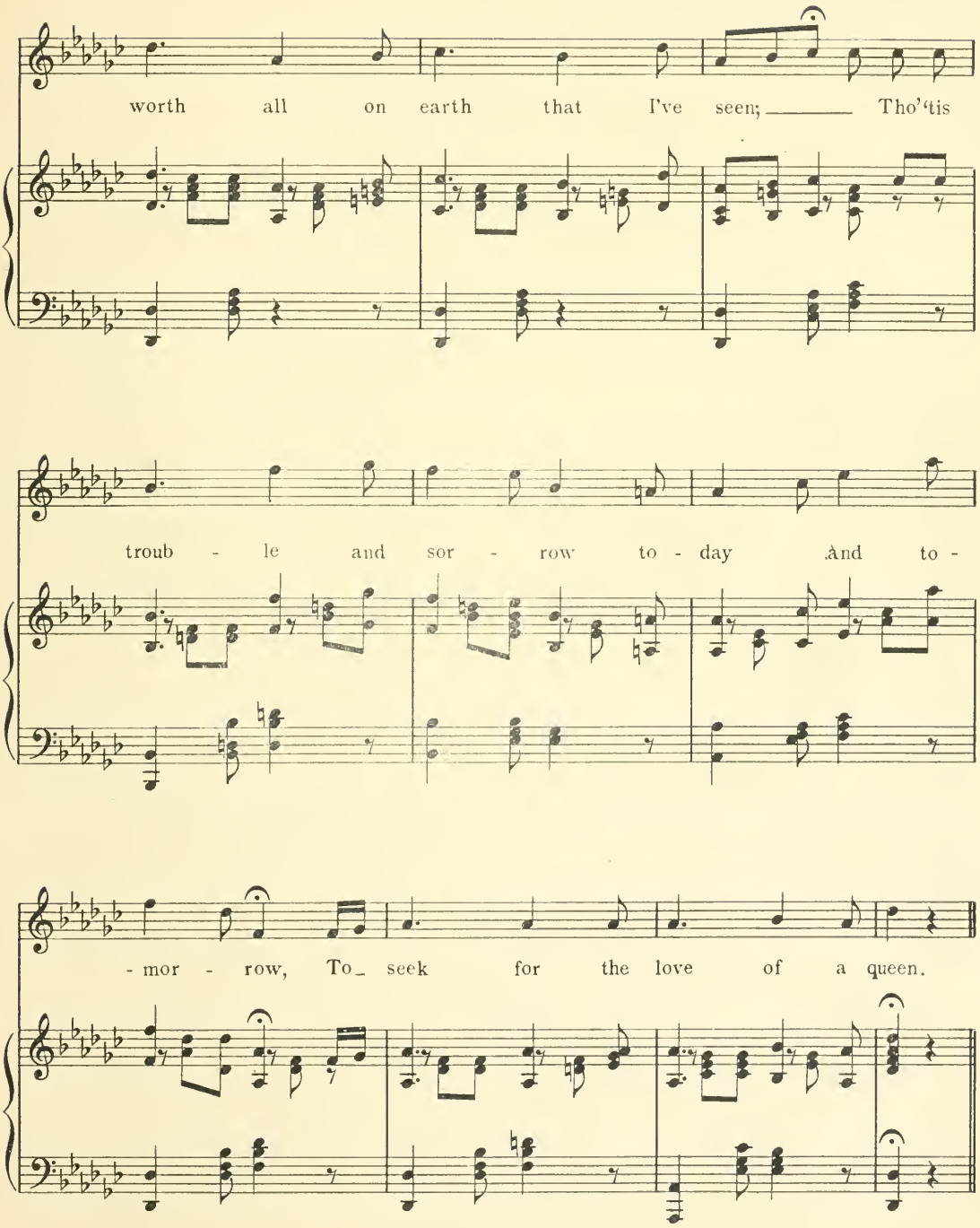
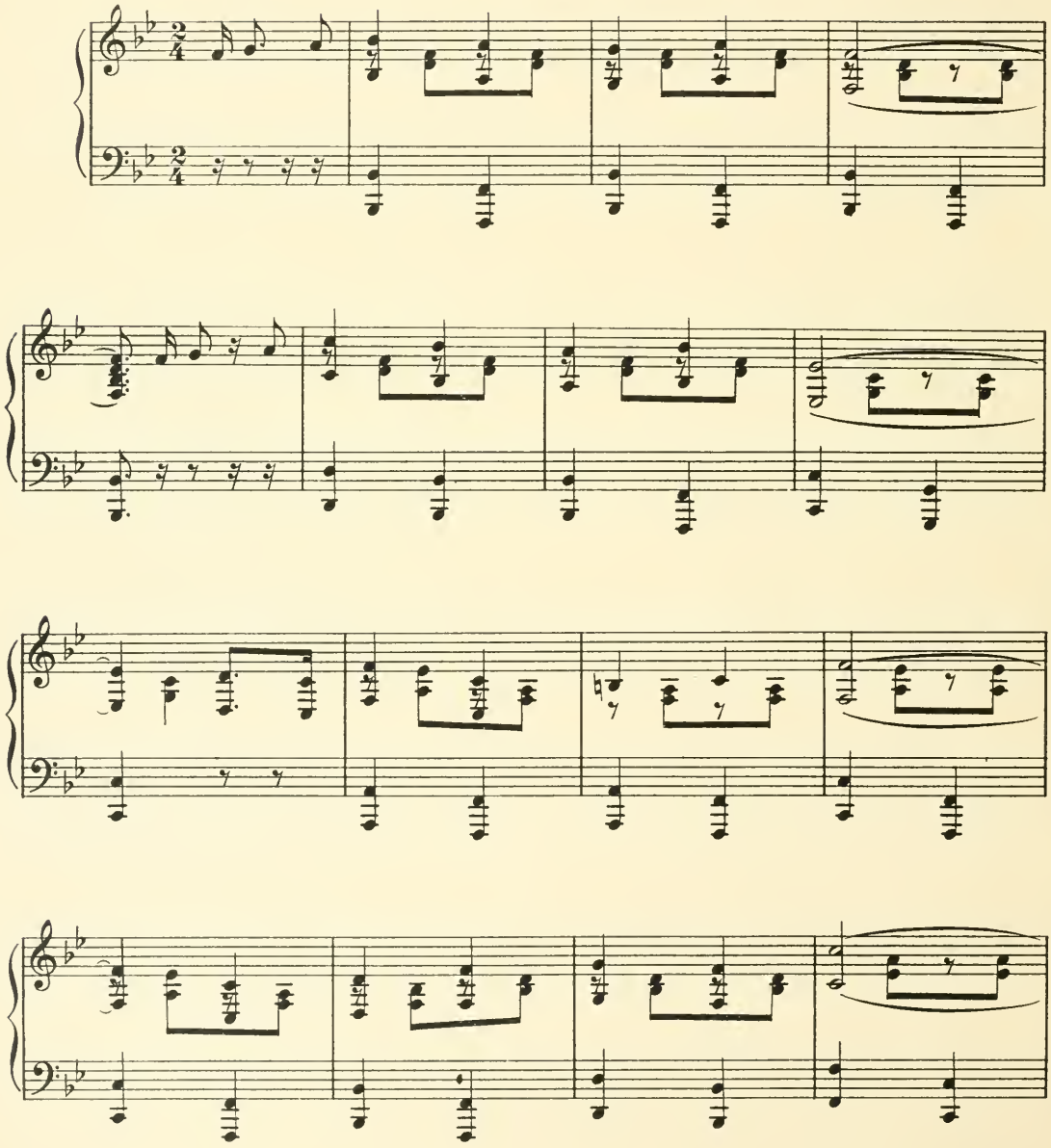

– In the light of your smile I find life for a
– Yet my heart in its throes needs must en - vy the
CHORUS.
while, But 'tis death when that smile you with-hold. I will
rose, For it knows of no fate half so sweet yet I'll
fight for your love to the fin - ish, for 'tis


worth all on earth that I've seen; Tho' 'tis
troub - le and sor - row to - day And to -
- mor - row, To_ seek for the love of a queen.

Opening Chorus Act II.

Words by
M. GARDNER.

Music by
E. BOWMAN.

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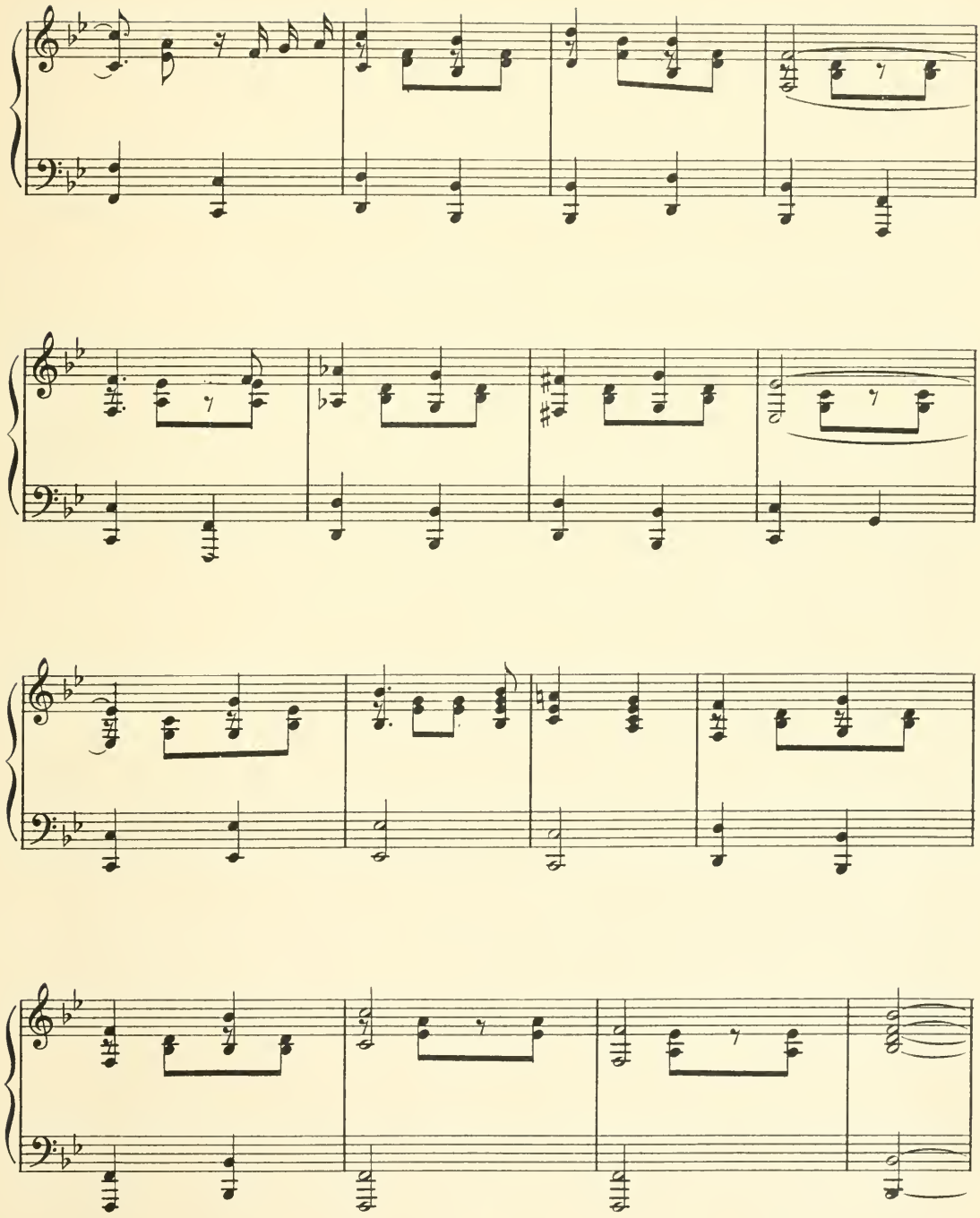
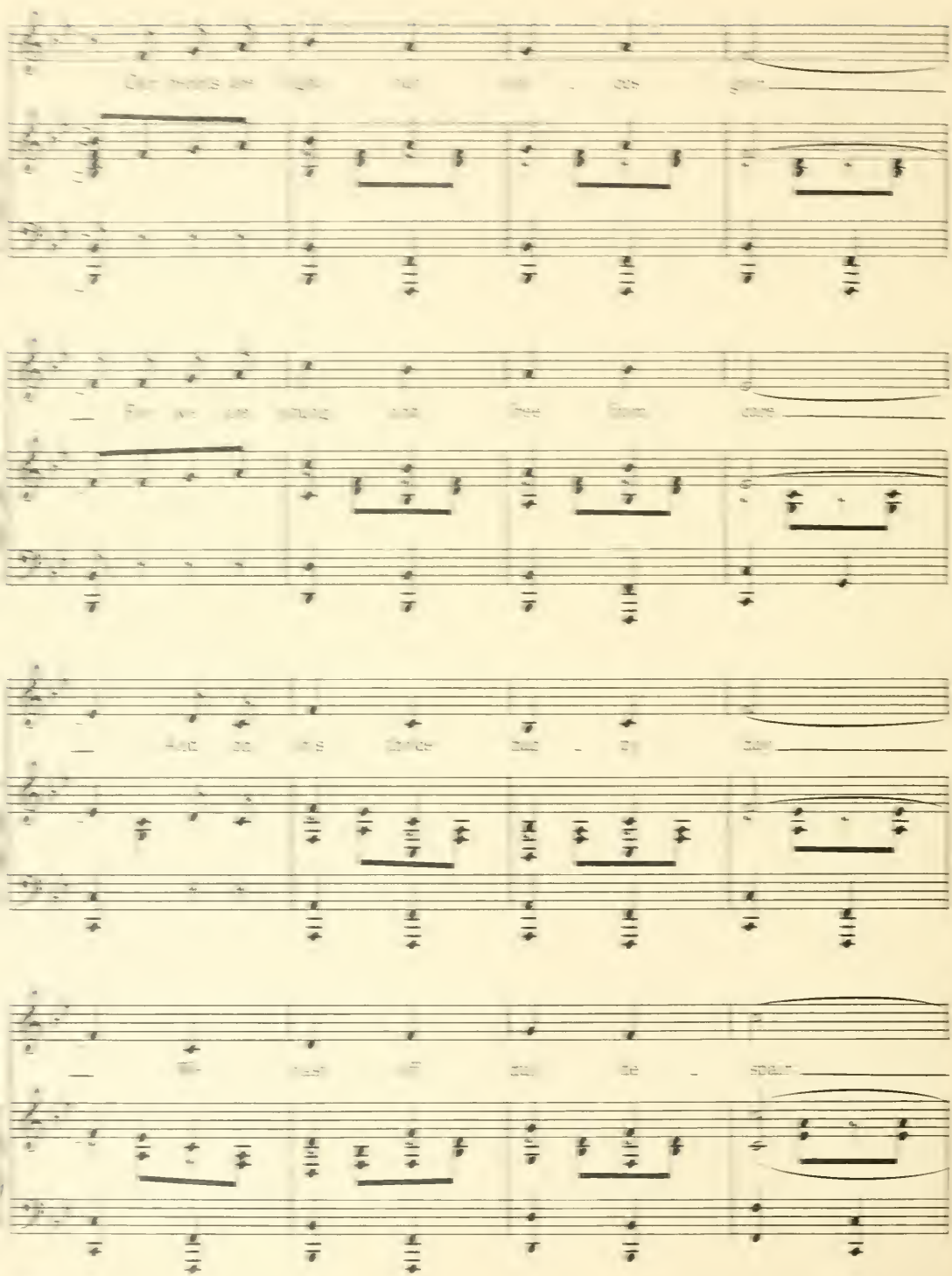
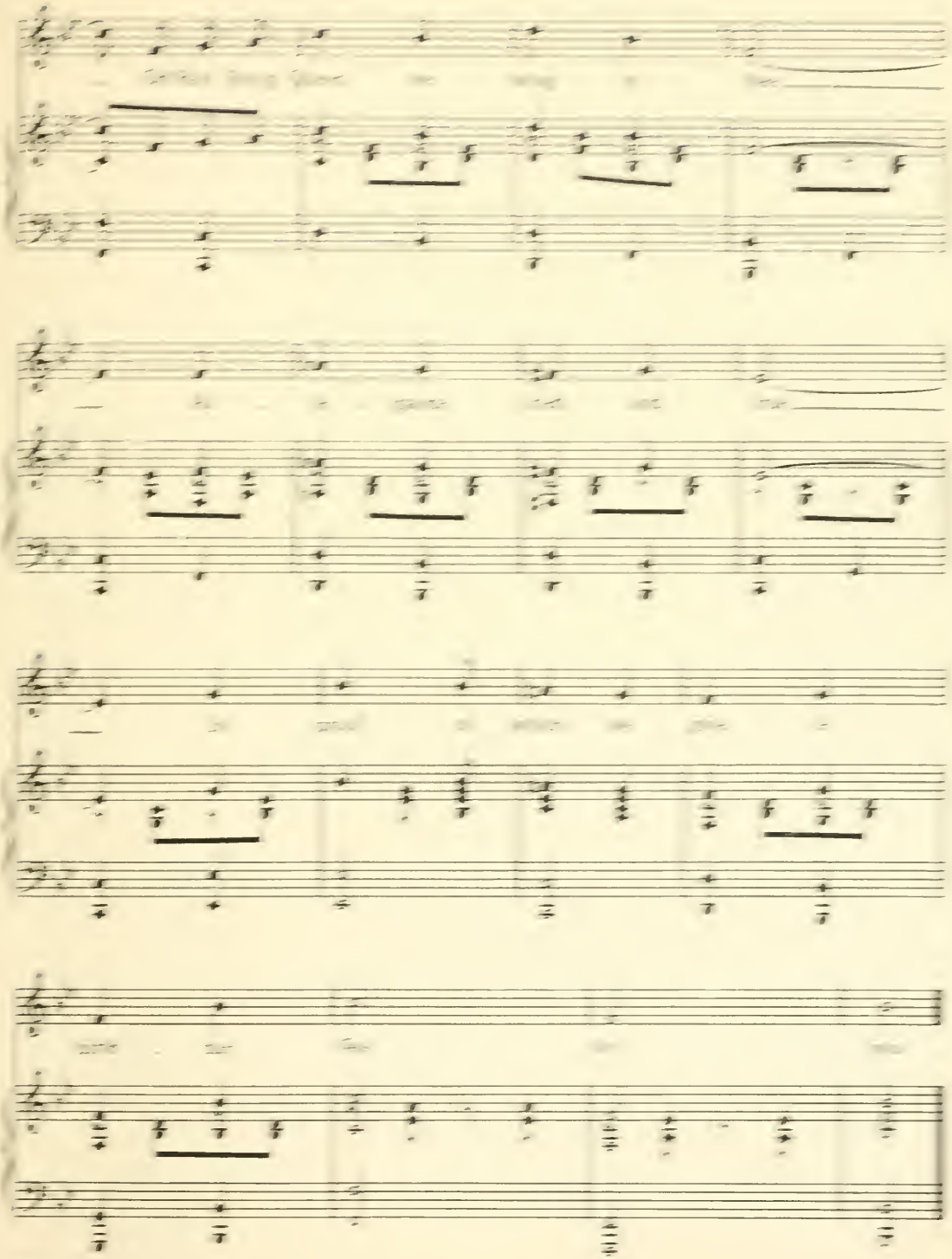
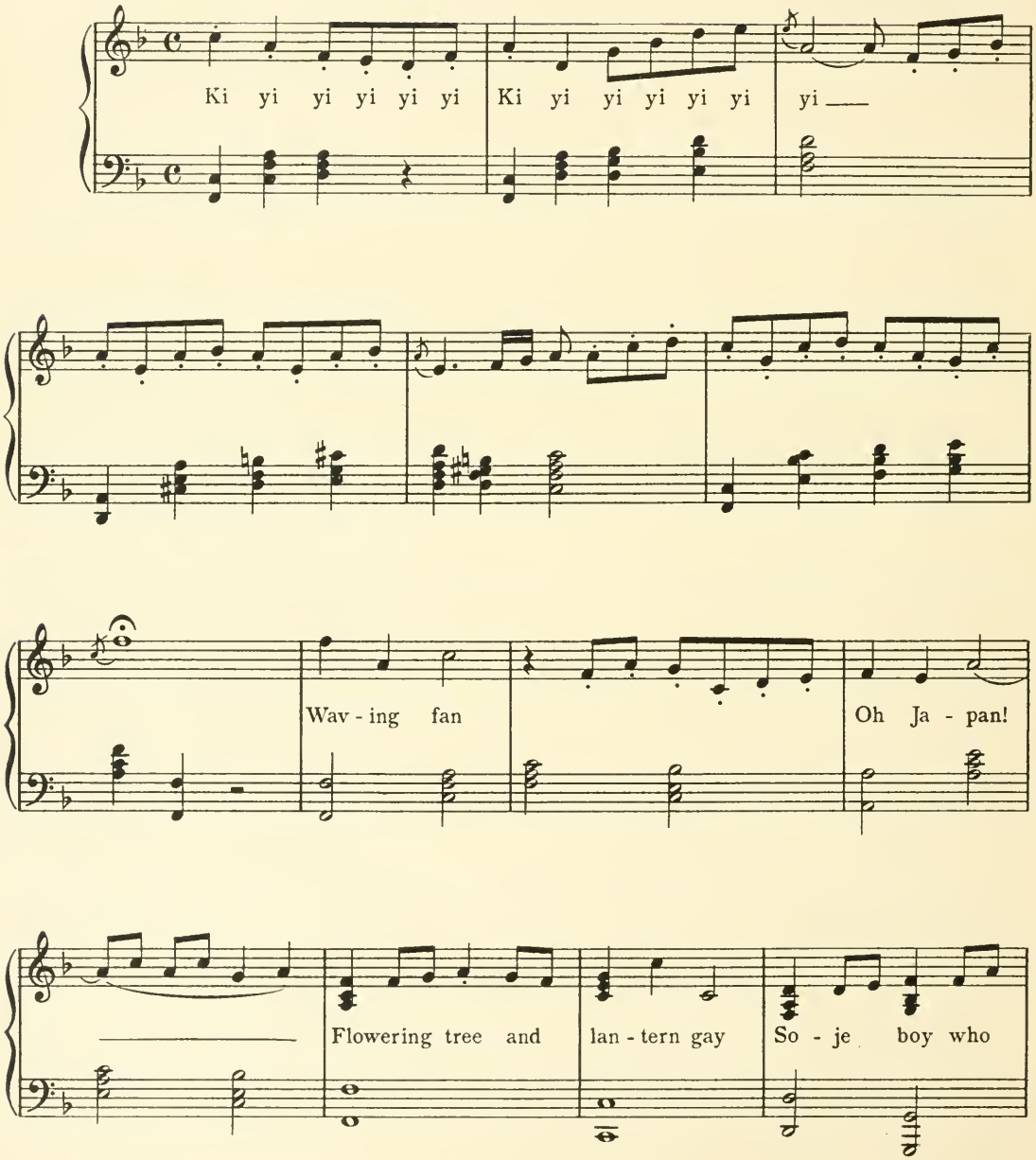





Oh Japan!

Words by
A GRANT.

Music by
M. MILINOWSKI.



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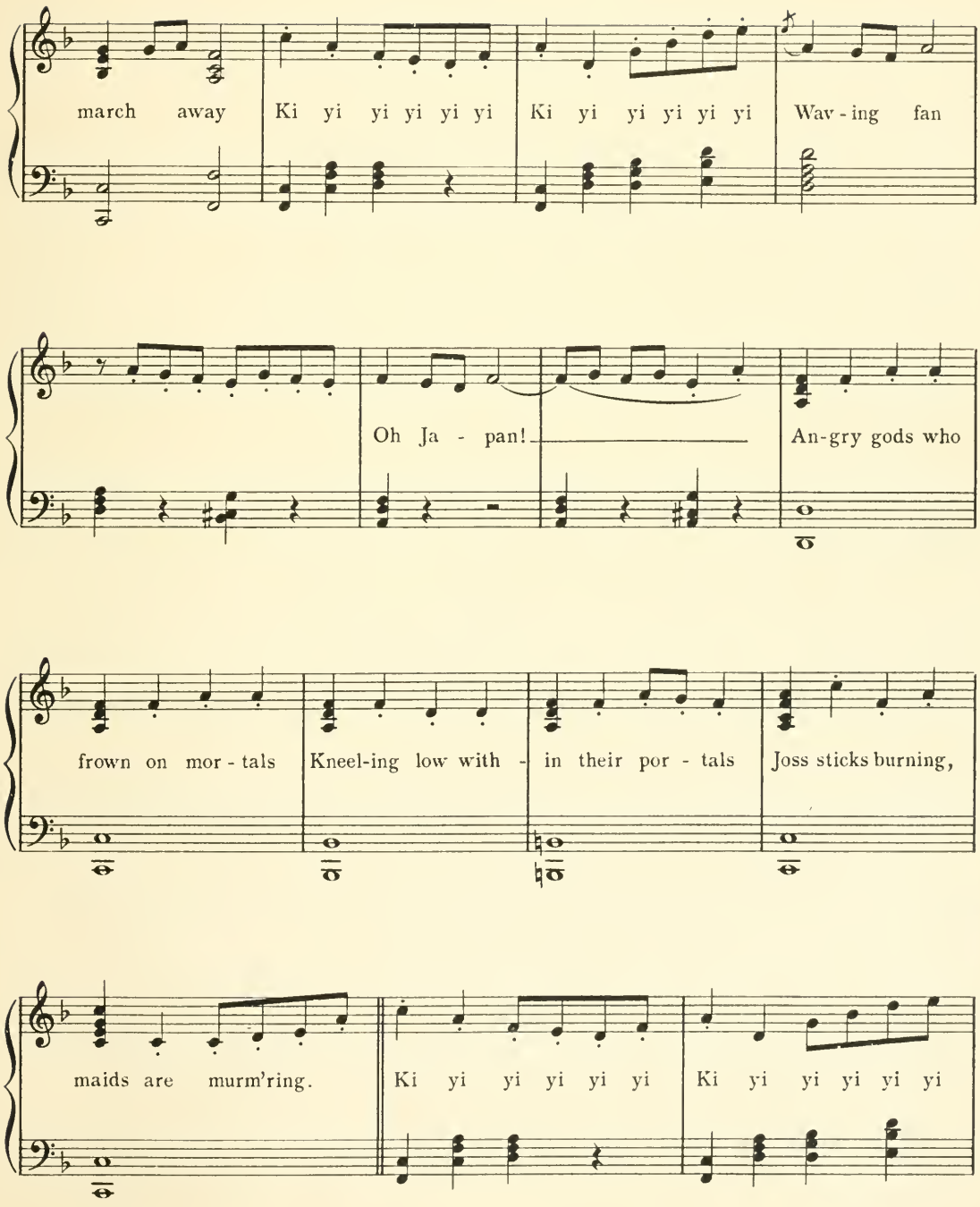
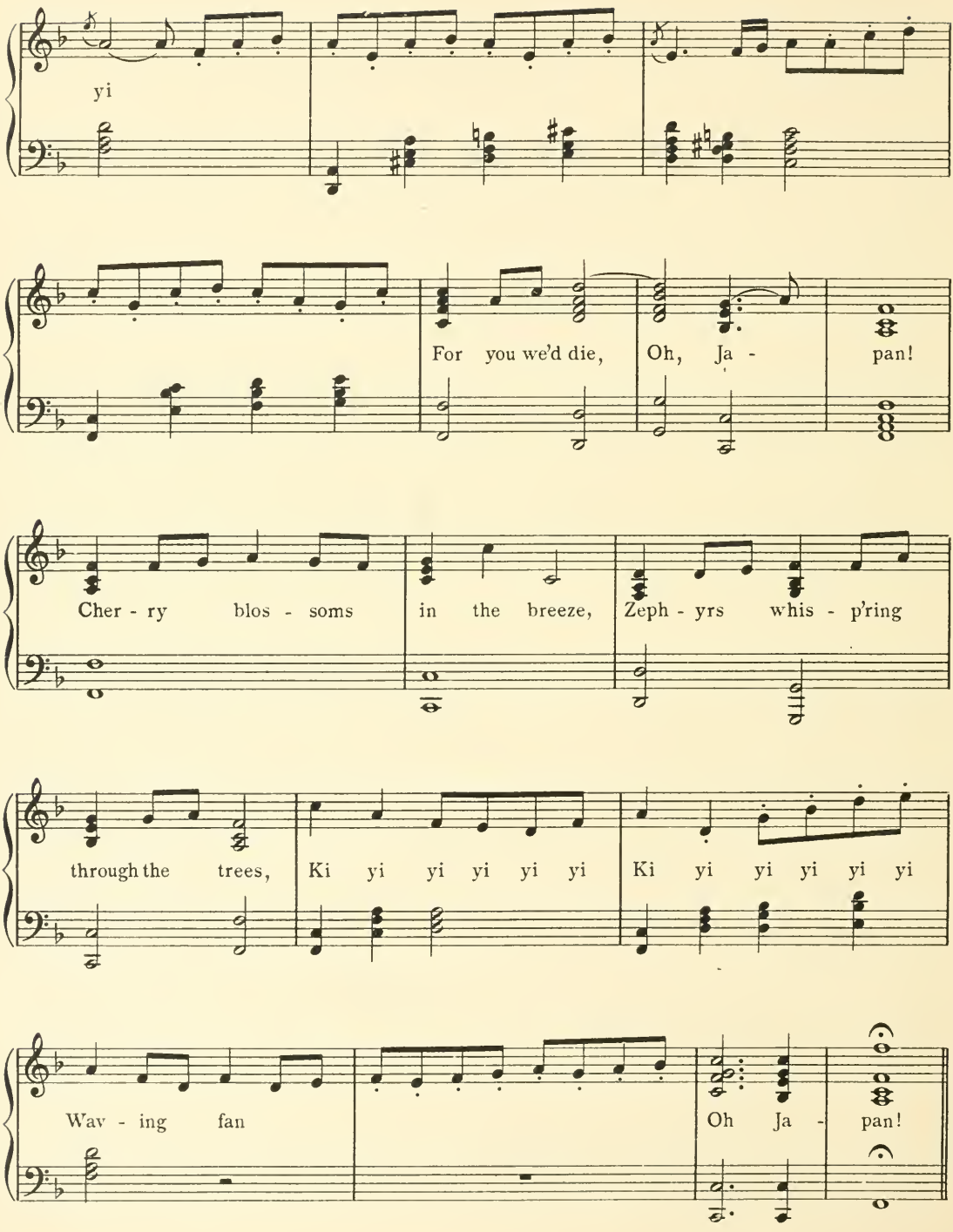
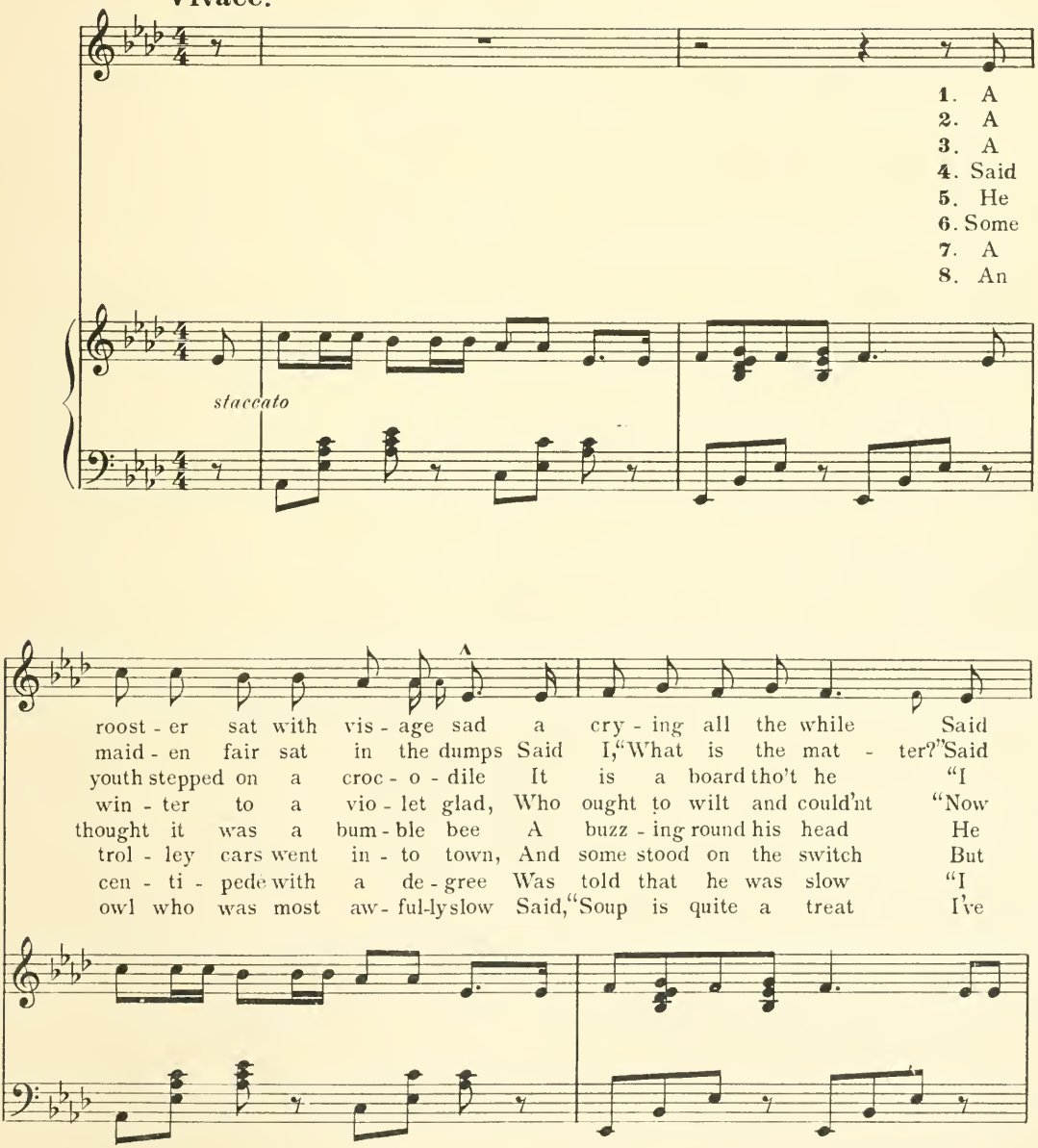

march away Ki yi yi yi yi yi Ki yi yi yi yi yi Wav - ing fan
Oh Ja - pan! An-gry gods who
frown on mor - tals Kneel-ing low with - in their por - tals Joss sticks burning,
maids are murm'ring. Ki yi yi yi yi yi Ki yi yi yi yi yi

yi
For you we'd die, Oh, Ja - pan!
Cher - ry blos - soms in the breeze, Zeph - yrs whis - p'ring
through the trees, Ki yi yi yi yi yi Ki yi yi yi yi yi
Wav - ing fan
Oh Ja - pan!

Non-Sense.

Words by
S. W. BOWNE.

Music by
G. C. TAYLOR.

Vivace.

1. A
2. A
3. A
4. Said
5. He
6. Some
7. A
8. An
staccato
A
roost - er sat with vis - age sad a cry - ing all the while Said
maid - en fair sat in the dumps Said I,"What is the mat - ter?"Said
youth stepped on a croc - o - dile It is a board tho't he "I
win - ter to a vio - let glad, Who ought to wilt and could'nt "Now
thought it was a bum - ble bee A buzz - ing round his head He
trol - ley cars went in - to town, And some stood on the switch But
cen - ti - pede with a de - gree Was told that he was slow "I
owl who was most aw - ful-ly slow Said,"Soup is quite a treat I've

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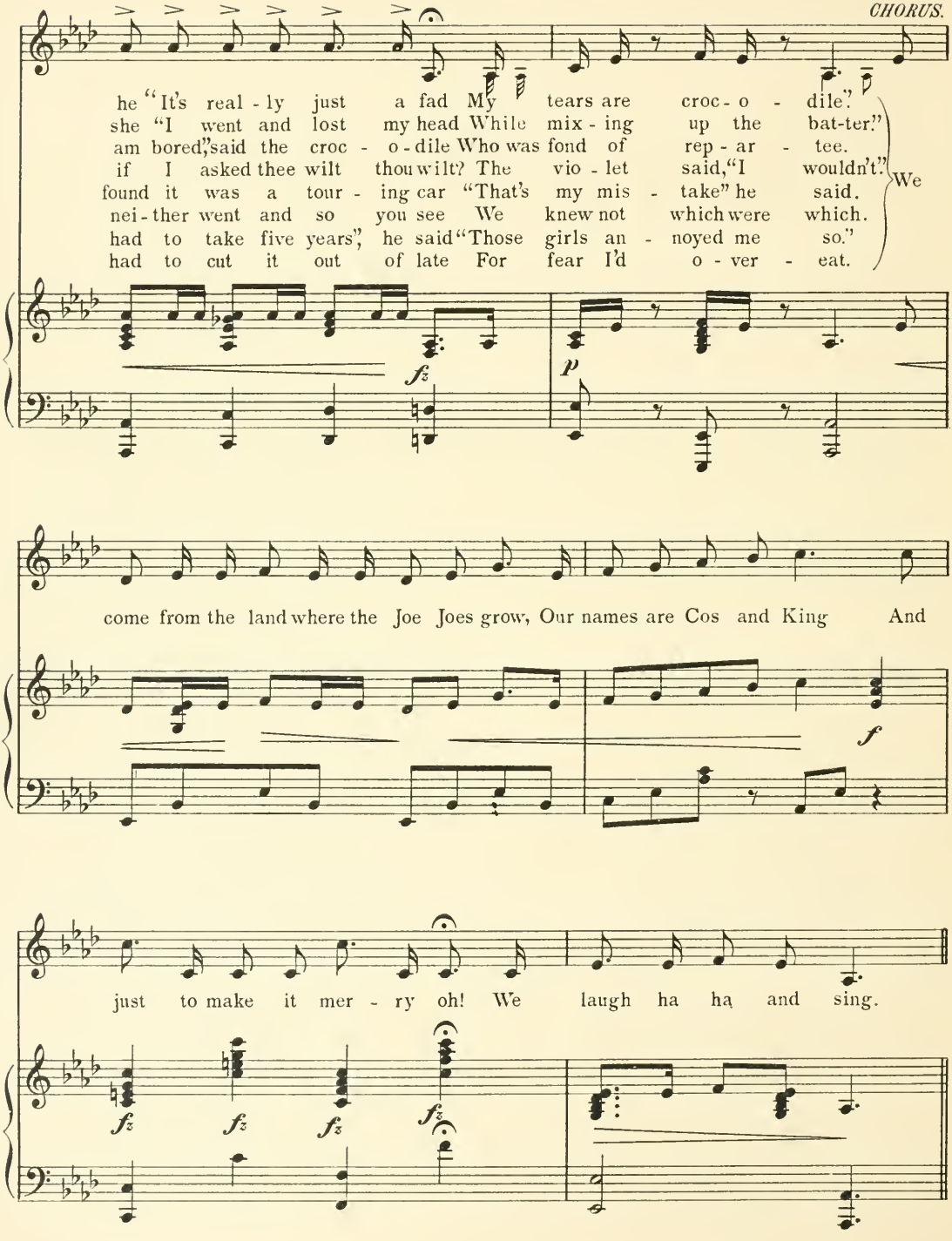
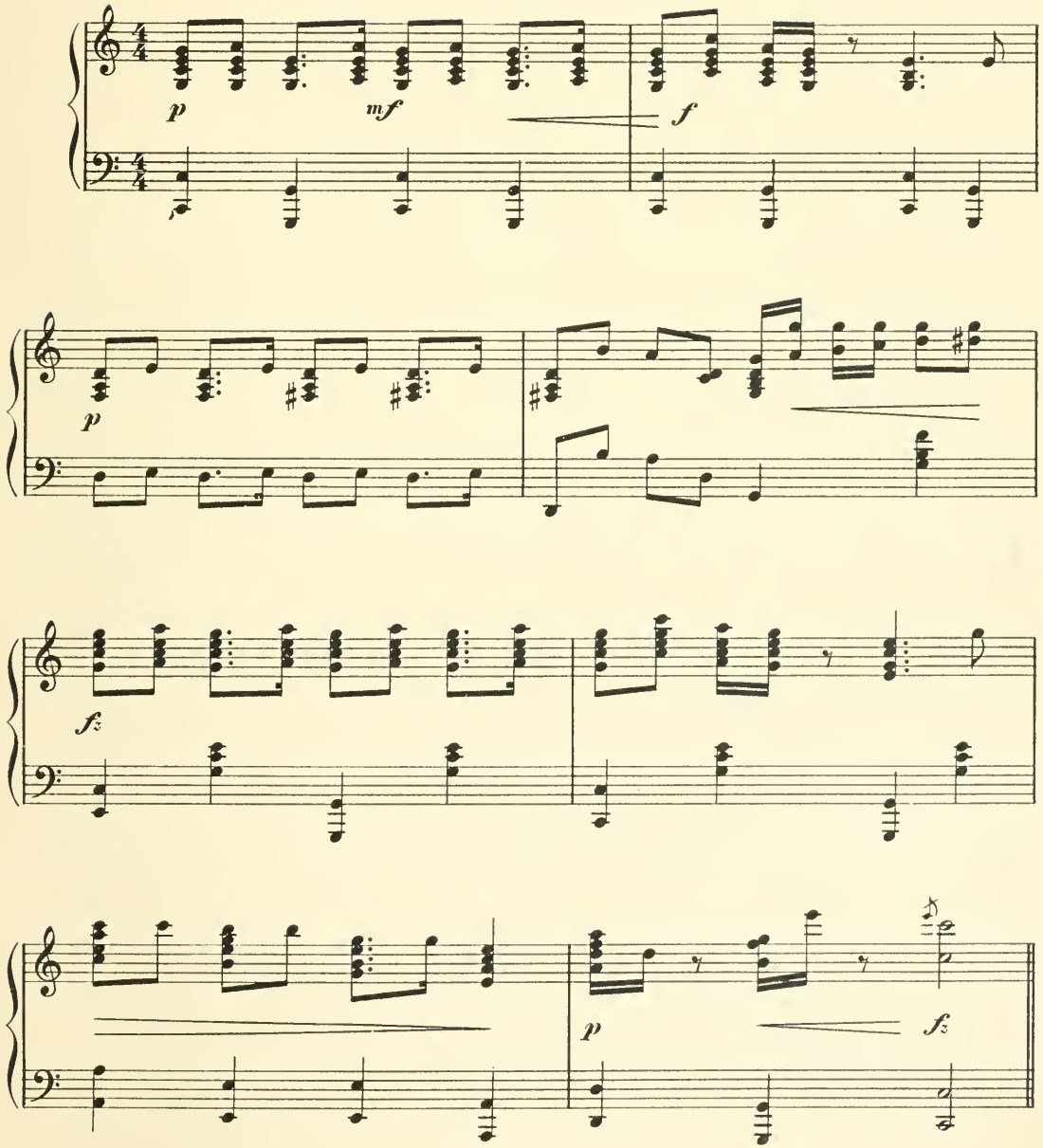

CHORUS.
he "It's real - ly just a fad My tears are croc - o - dile."
she "I went and lost my head While mix - ing up the bat-ter."
am bored," said the croc - o - dile Who was fond of rep - ar - tee.
if I asked thee wilt thou wilt? The vio - let said, "I wouldn't."
found it was a tour - ing car "That's my mis - take" he said.
nei - ther went and so you see We knew not which were which.
had to take five years", he said "Those girls an - noyed me so."
had to cut it out of late For fear I'd o - ver - eat.
We
fz
p
come from the land where the Joe Joes grow, Our names are Cos and King And
f
just to make it mer - ry oh! We laugh ha ha and sing.
fz
fz
fz
fz

Dance.

Moderato.



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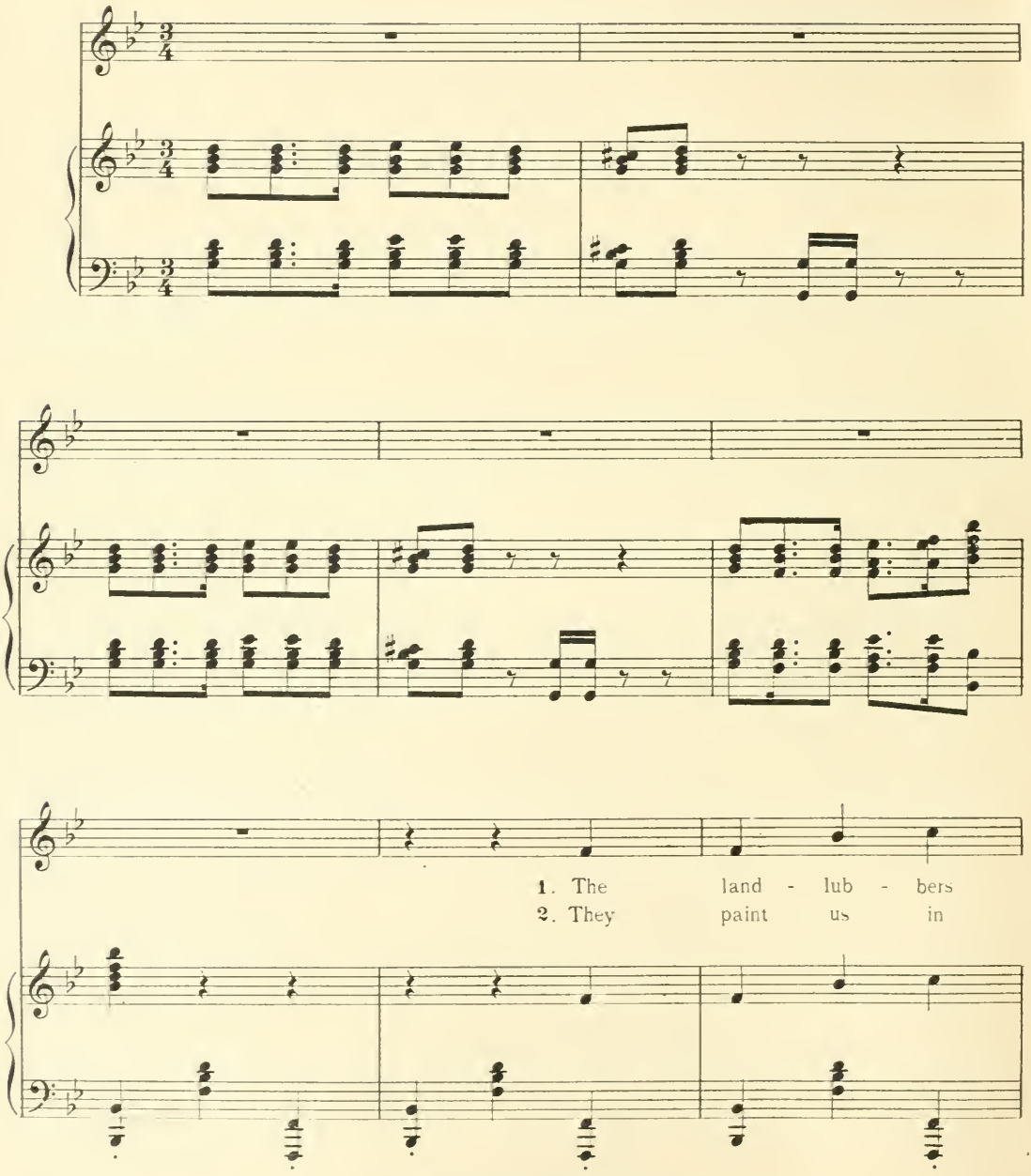
The Pirate's Lament.

E. C. BREWSTER. E. BOWMAN.



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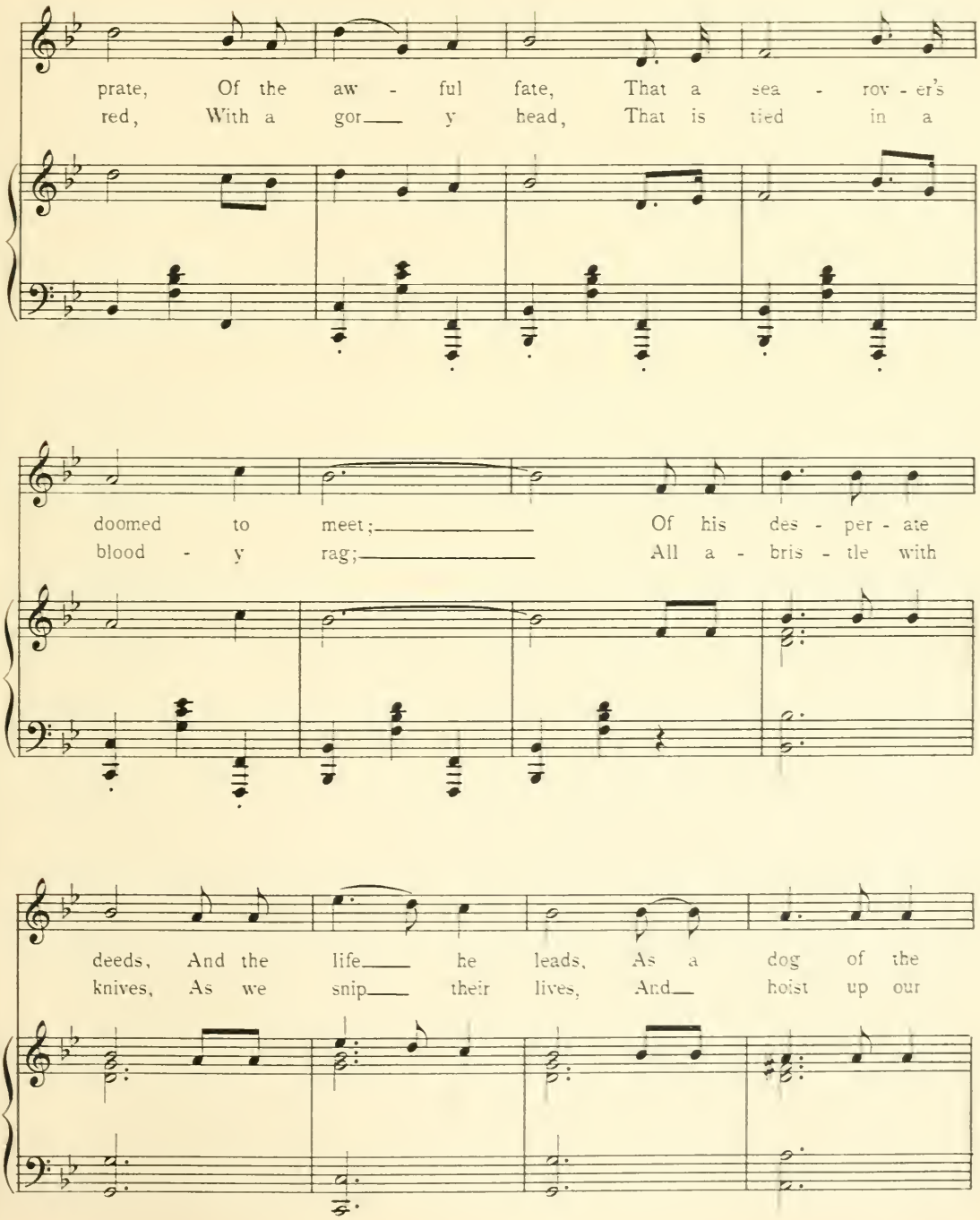
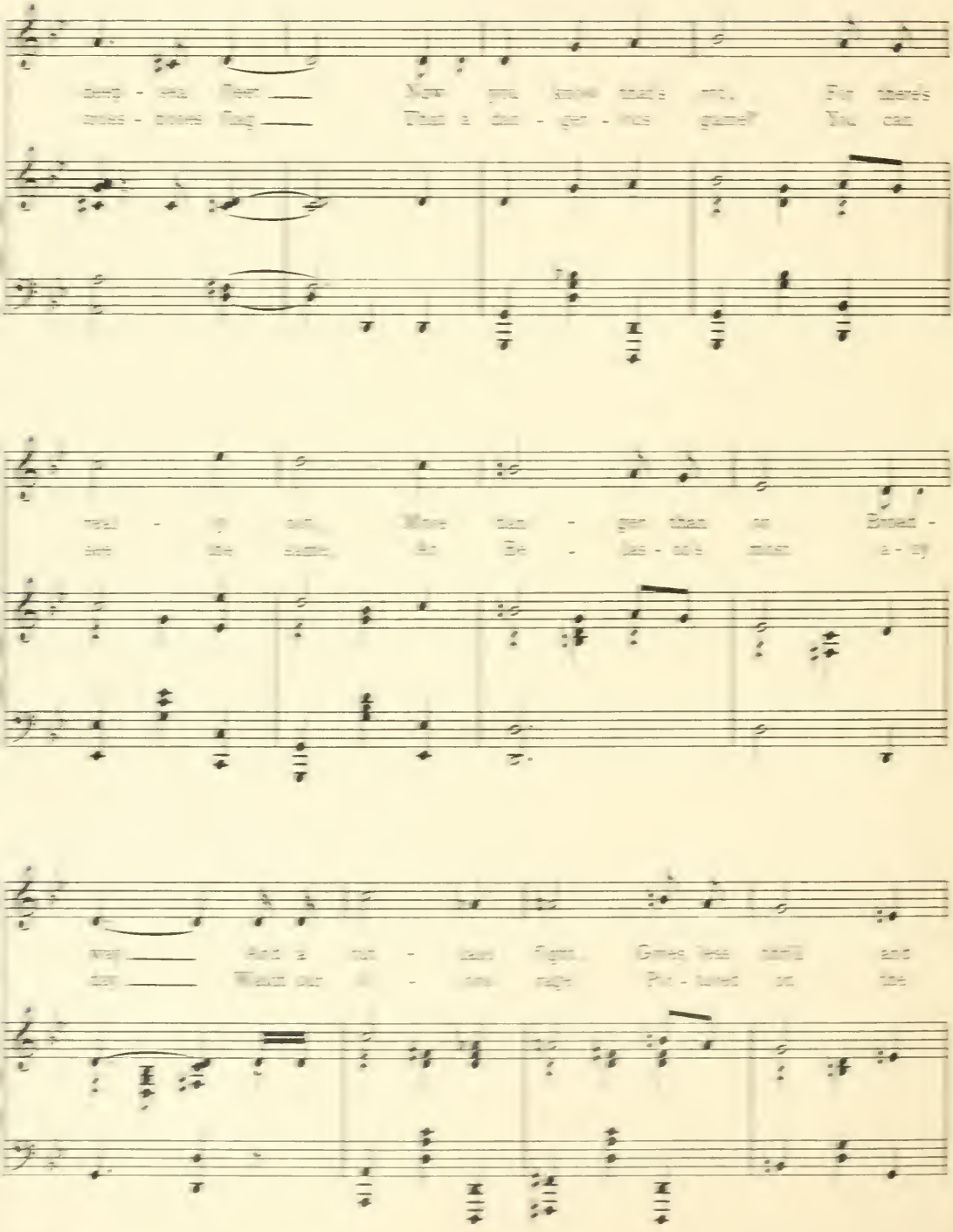
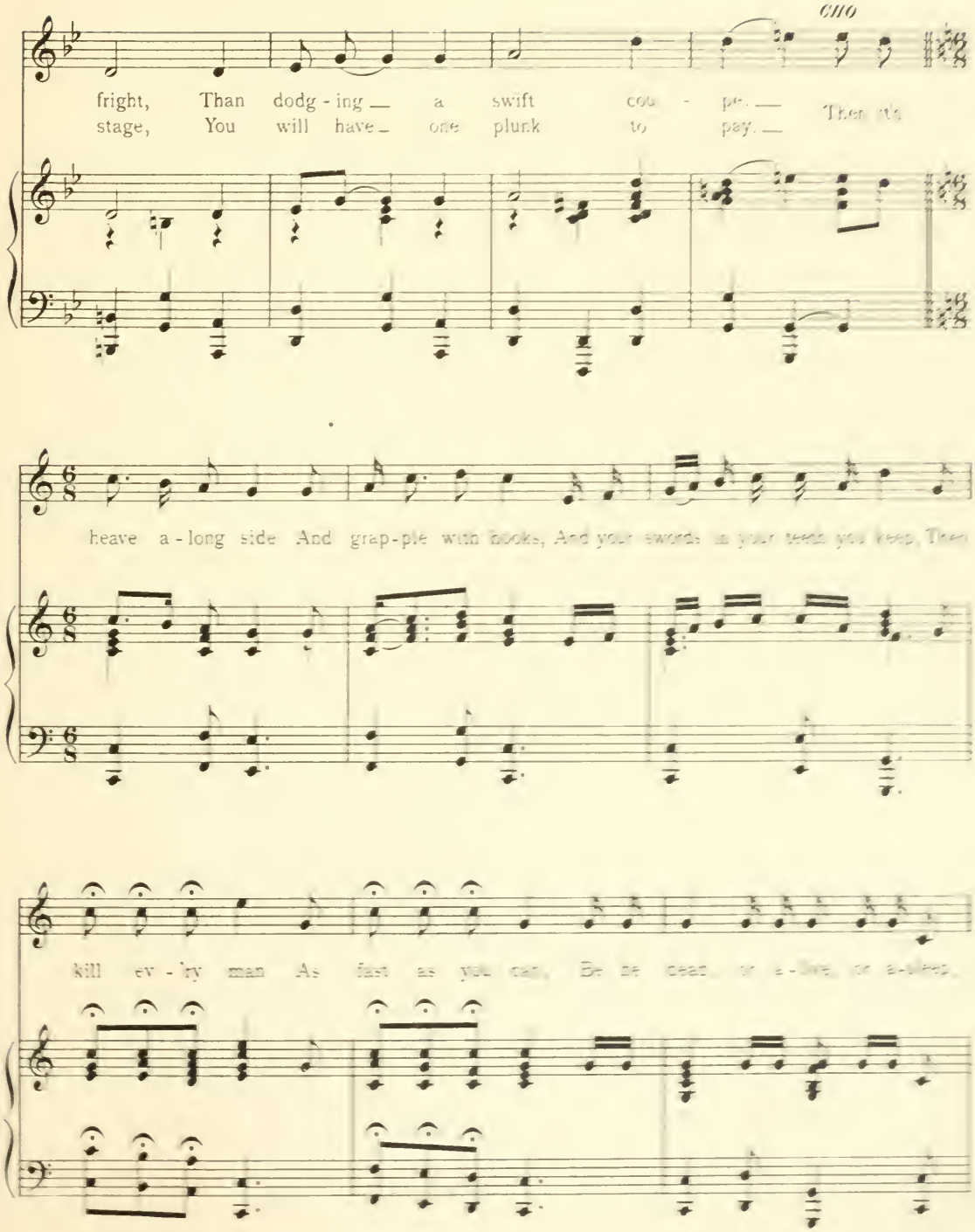
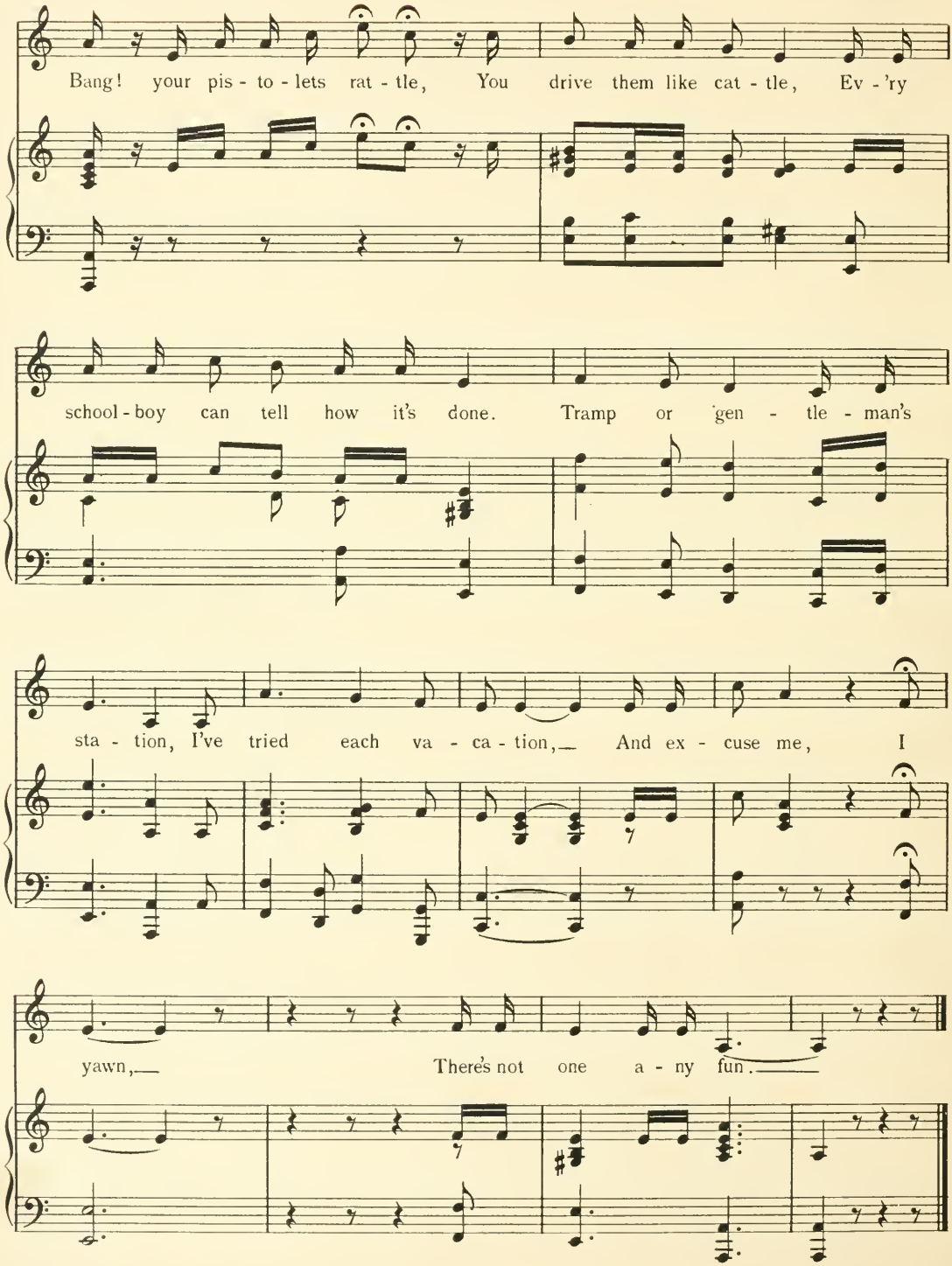

prate, Of the aw - ful fate, That a sea - rov - er's
red, With a gor___ y head, That is tied in a
doomed to meet;___ Of his des - per - ate
blood - y rag;___ All a - bris - tle with
deeds, And the life___ he leads, As a dog of the
knives, As we snip___ their lives, And___ hoist up our


sang - ma Herr — Wer gro. kunst tust - mir. Er taufft
mus - sinns Tag — Das i dan - ger - nis gleich? Wo can

tau - ft wil, Mere tau - ger than ar Drach -
ent de eatin, ar Be - las - ar's mast a - ly

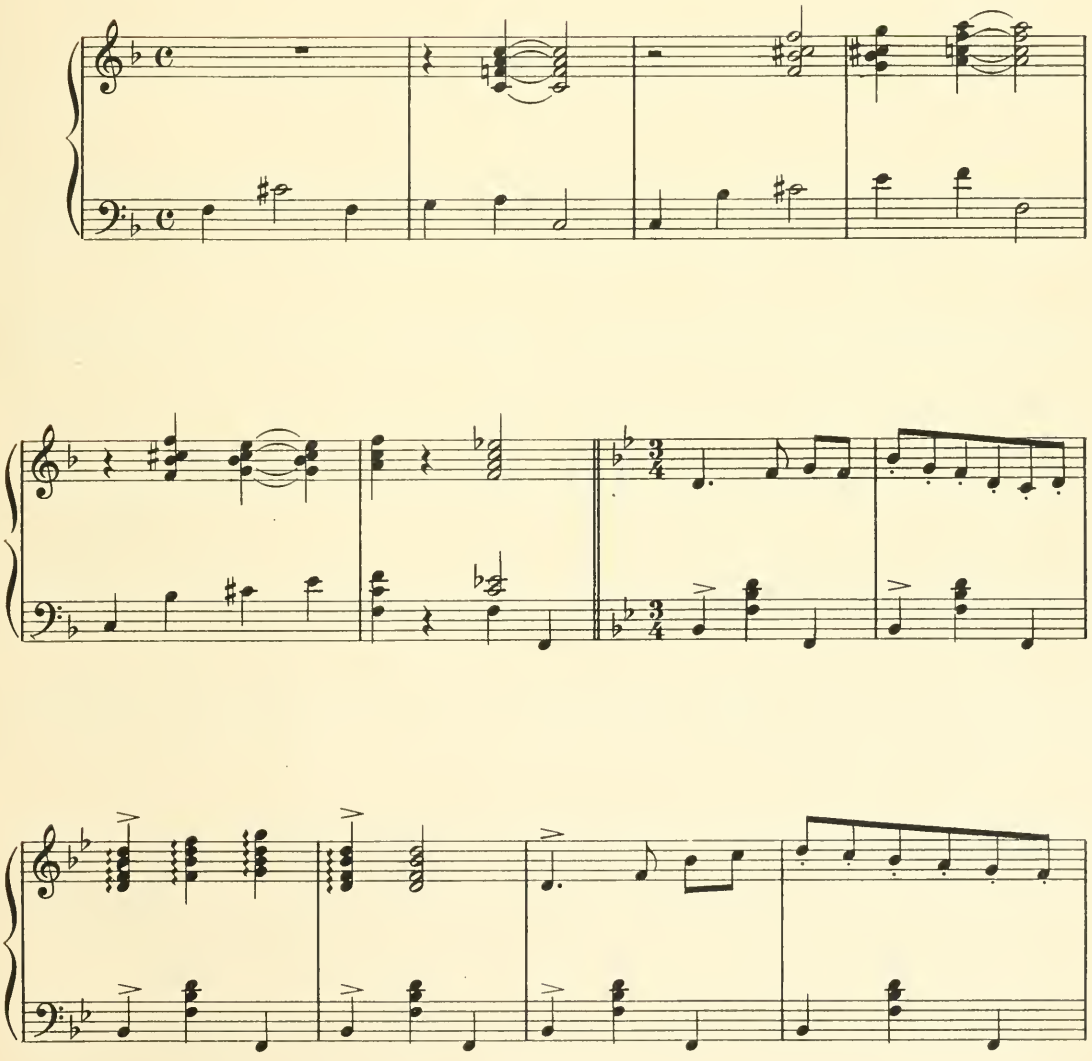
wig — Ant a rut - taun Agin. Grea tess swift ant
tal — Wasn our ri - ver's migh Pit - tured in the


CHO
fright, Than dodg - ing a swift cou - pe.
stage, You will have one plunk to pay.
Then rip
heave a - long side And grap - ple with hooks, And your swords in your teeth you keep, Then
kill ev - 'ry man As fast as you can, Be he dead or a - live, or a - sleep,


Bang! your pis - to - lets rat - tle, You drive them like cat - tle, Ev - 'ry
school - boy can tell how it's done. Tramp or gen - tle - man's
sta - tion, I've tried each va - ca - tion, And ex - cuse me, I
yawn, There's not one a - ny fun.

Danse Parisienne.

Music by
E. BOWMAN.



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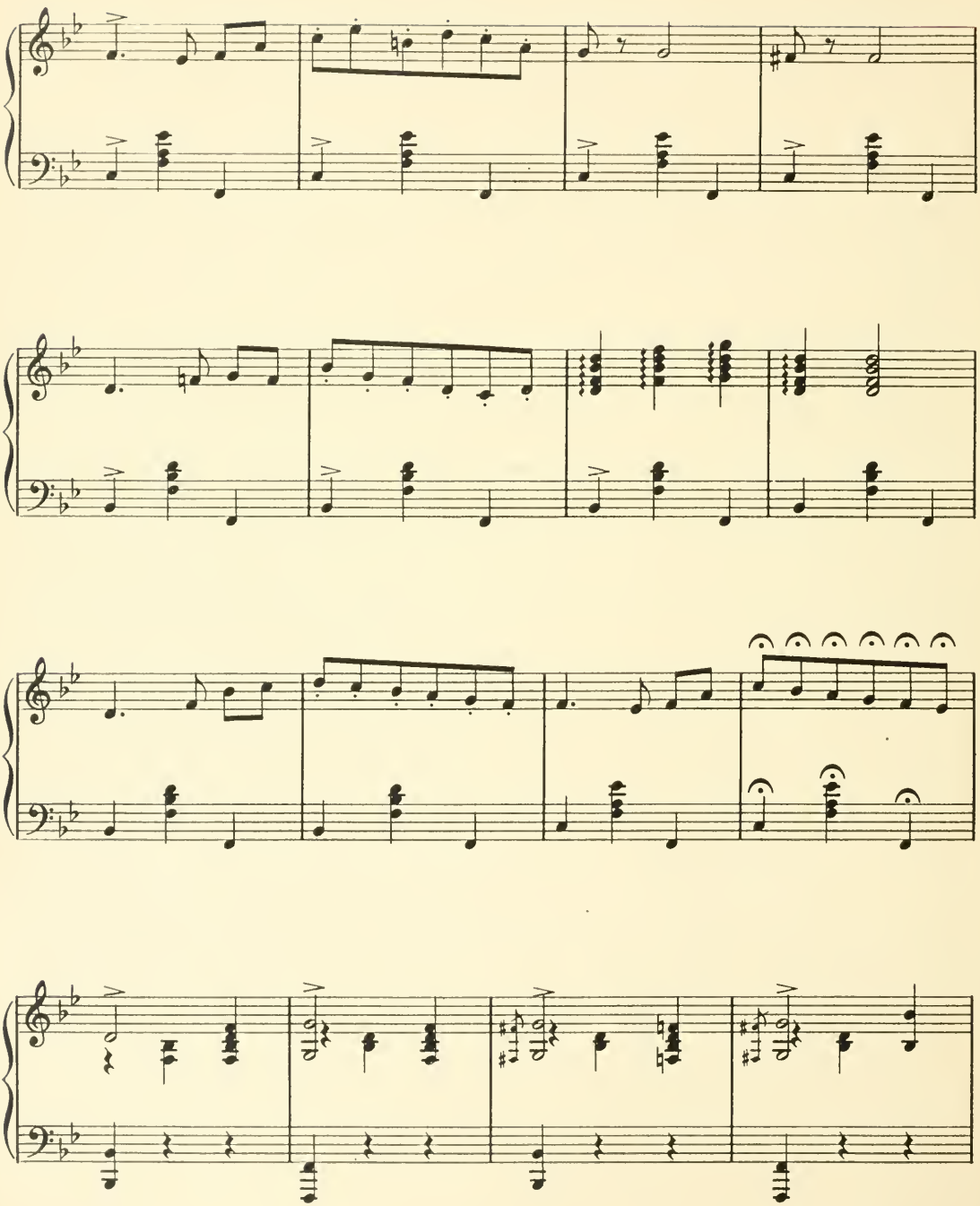
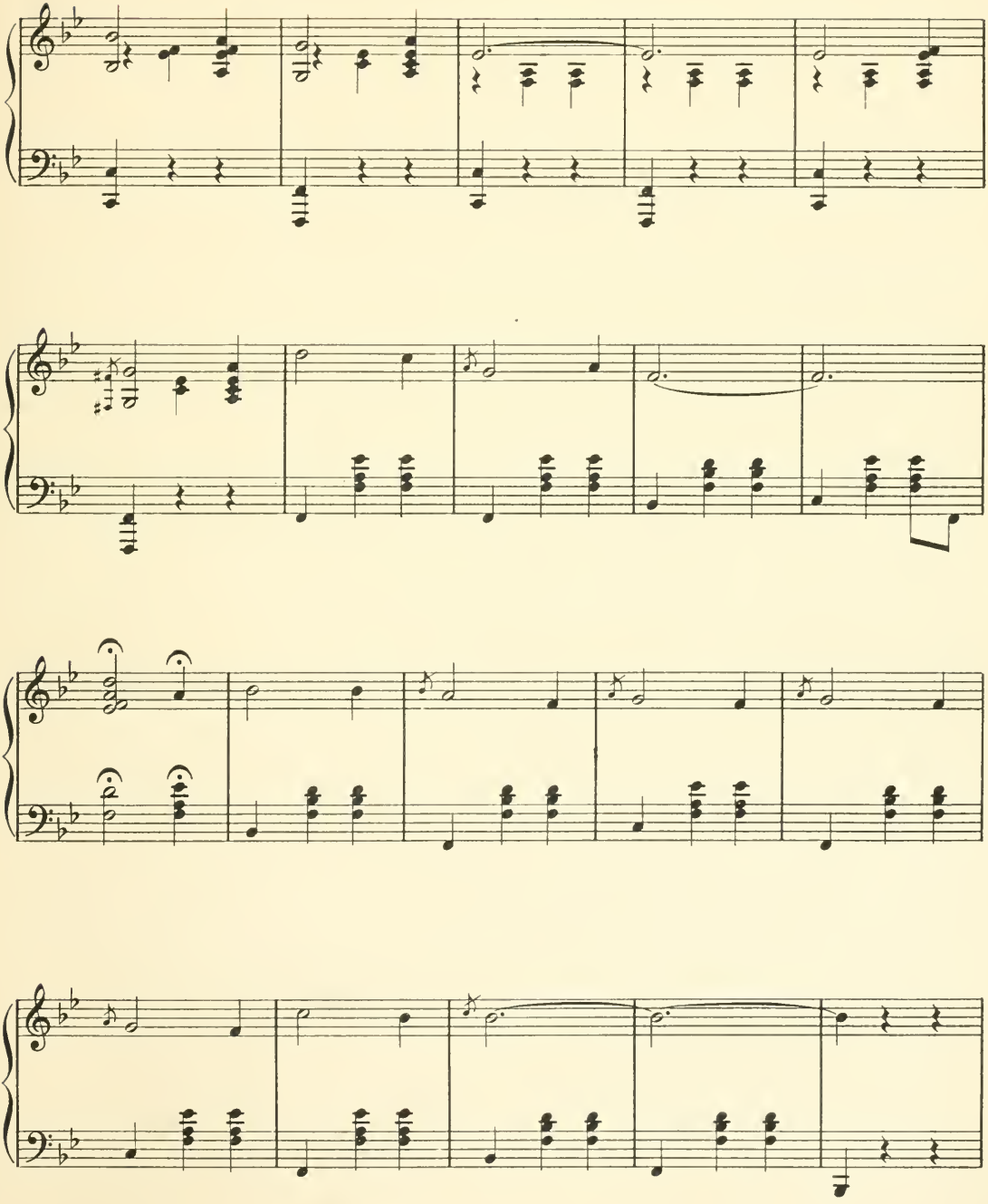
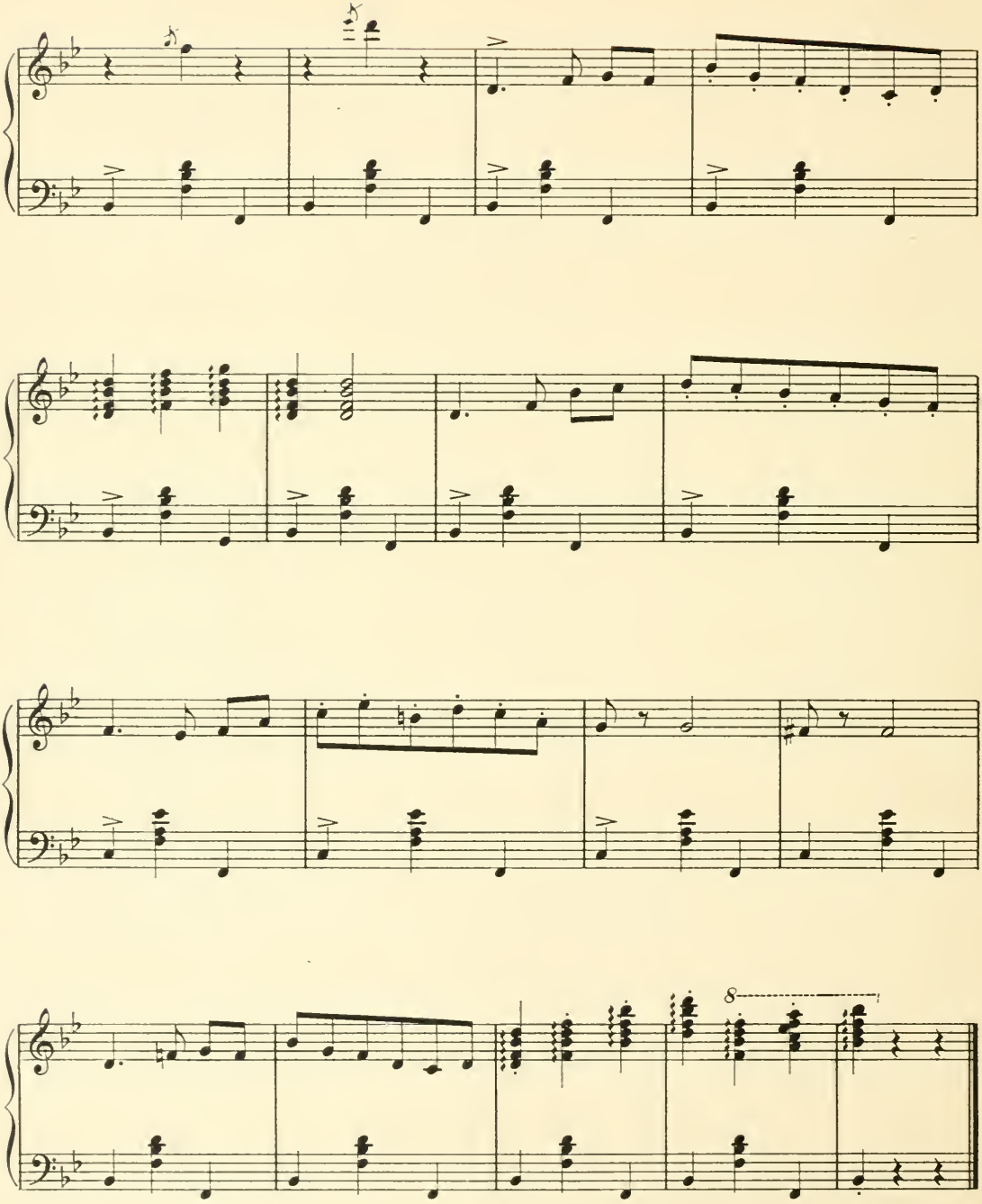


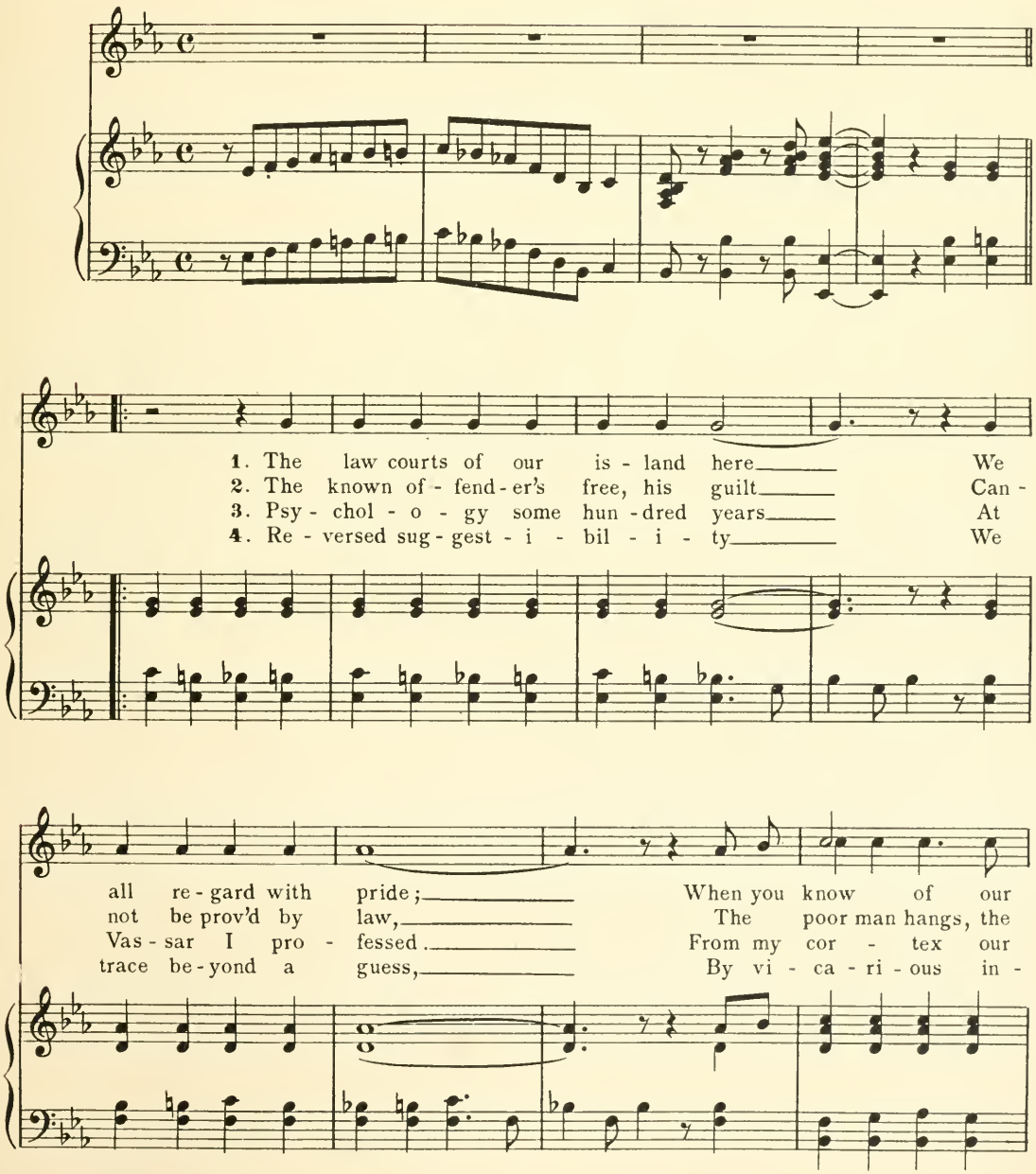



8

The Law Courts of the Island.

Words by
N. J. RYDER. and F. R. SWEENEY.

Music by
E. BOWMAN.


1. The law courts of our is - land here We
2. The known of - fend - er's free, his guilt Can -
3. Psy - chol - o - gy some hun - dred years At
4. Re - versed sug - gest - i - bil - i - ty We
all re - gard with pride; When you know of our
not be prov'd by law, The poor man hangs, the
Vas - sar I pro - fessed. From my cor - tex our
trace be - yond a guess, By vi - ca - ri - ous in -

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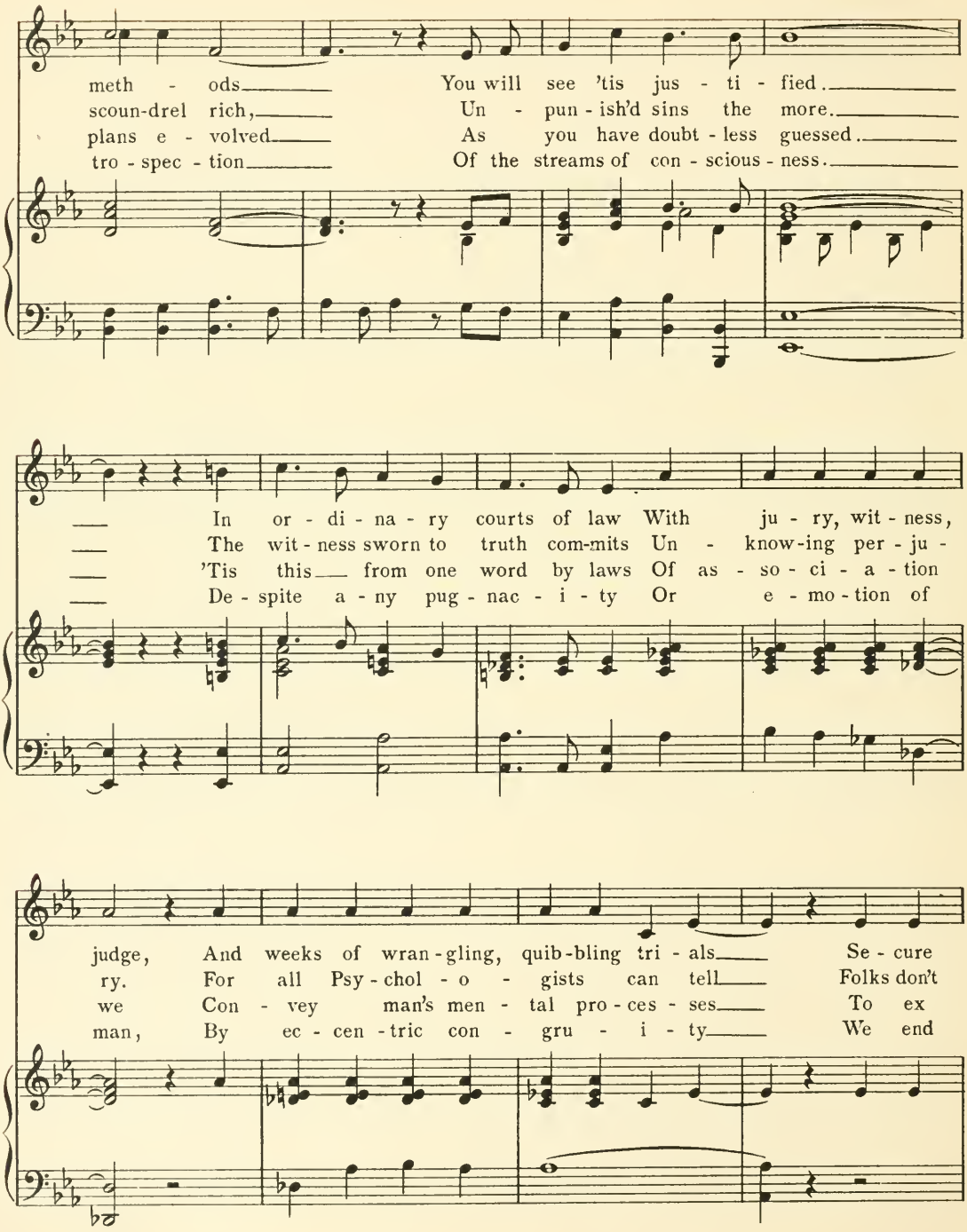
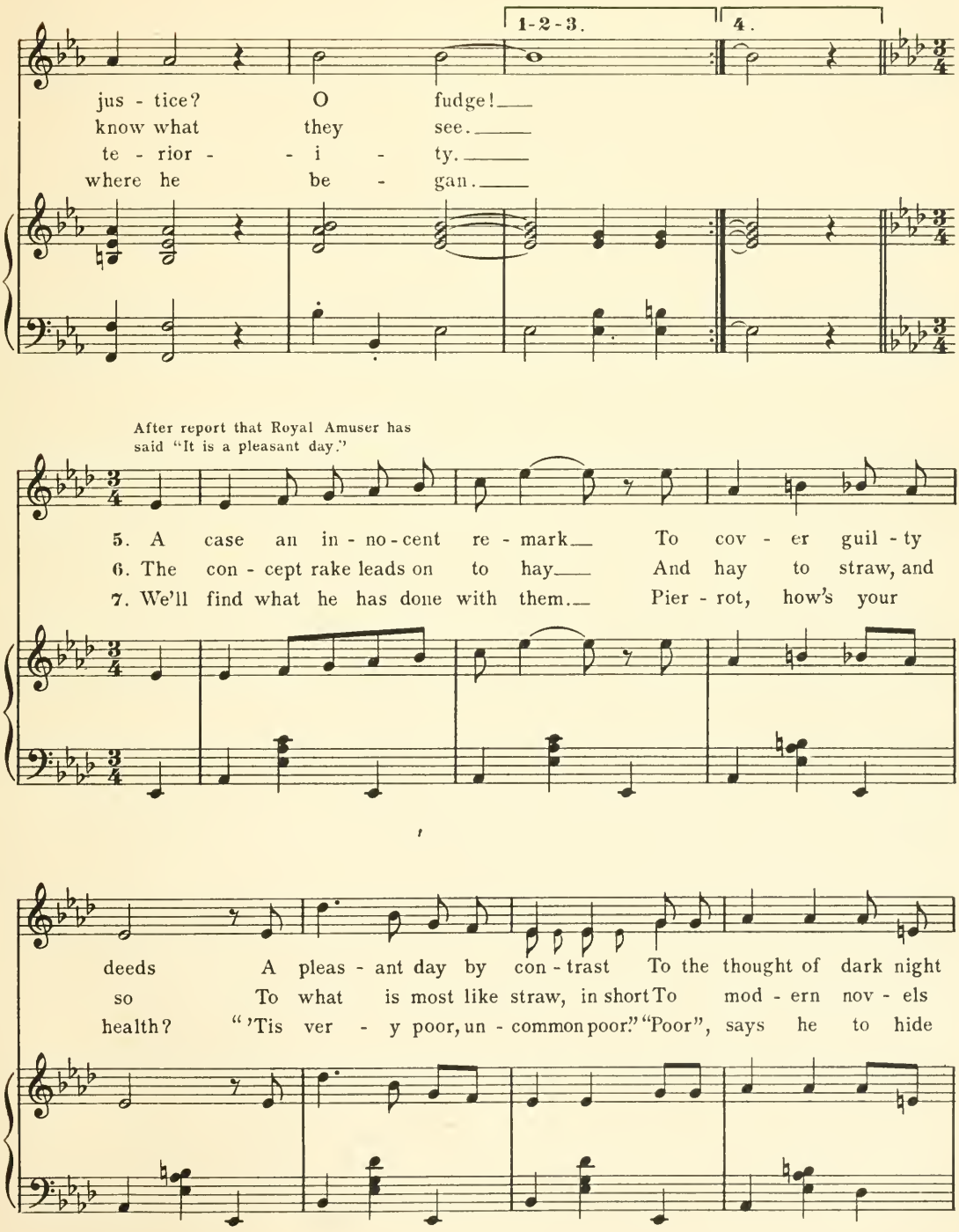
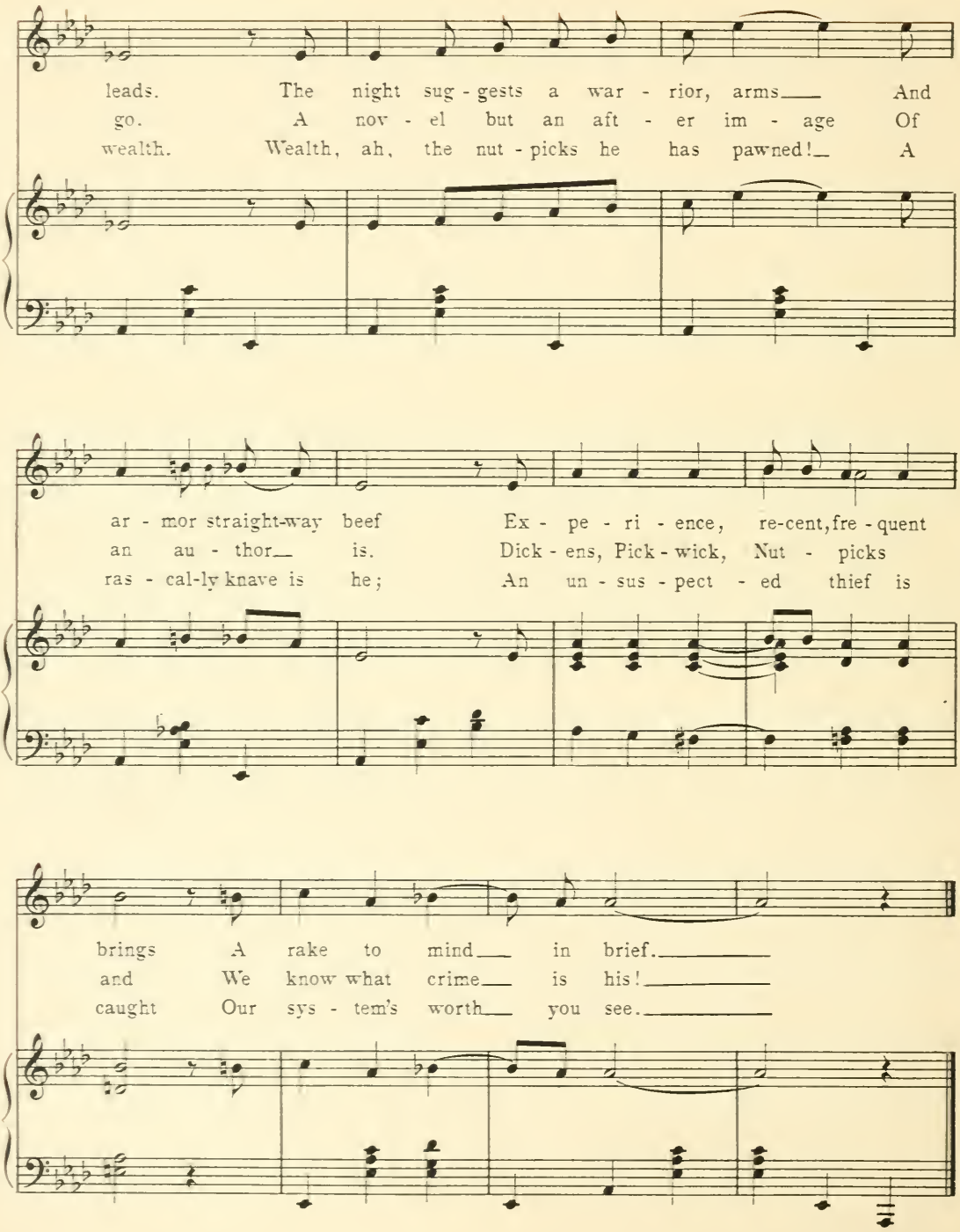
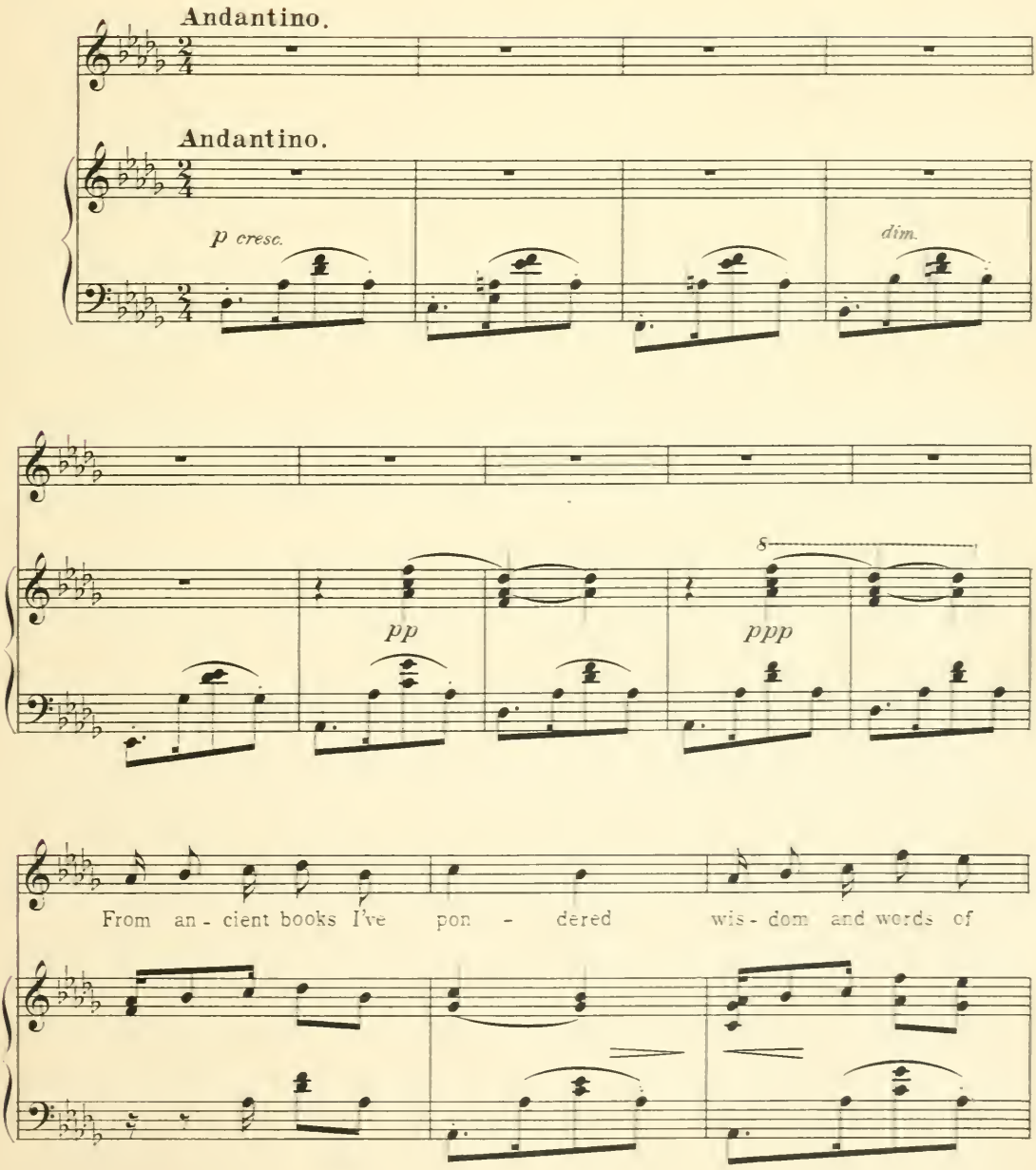

meth - ods You will see 'tis jus - ti - fied.
scoun-drel rich, Un - pun - ish'd sins the more.
plans e - volved As you have doubt - less guessed.
tro - spec - tion Of the streams of con - scious - ness.
In or - di - na - ry courts of law With ju - ry, wit - ness,
The wit - ness sworn to truth com-mits Un - know-ing per - ju -
'Tis this from one word by laws Of as - so - ci - a - tion
De - spite a - ny pug - nac - i - ty Or e - mo - tion of
judge, And weeks of wran - gling, quib-bling tri - als Se - cure
ry. For all Psy - chol - o - gists can tell Folks don't
we Con - vey man's men - tal pro - ces - ses To ex
man, By ec - cen - tric con - gru - i - ty We end

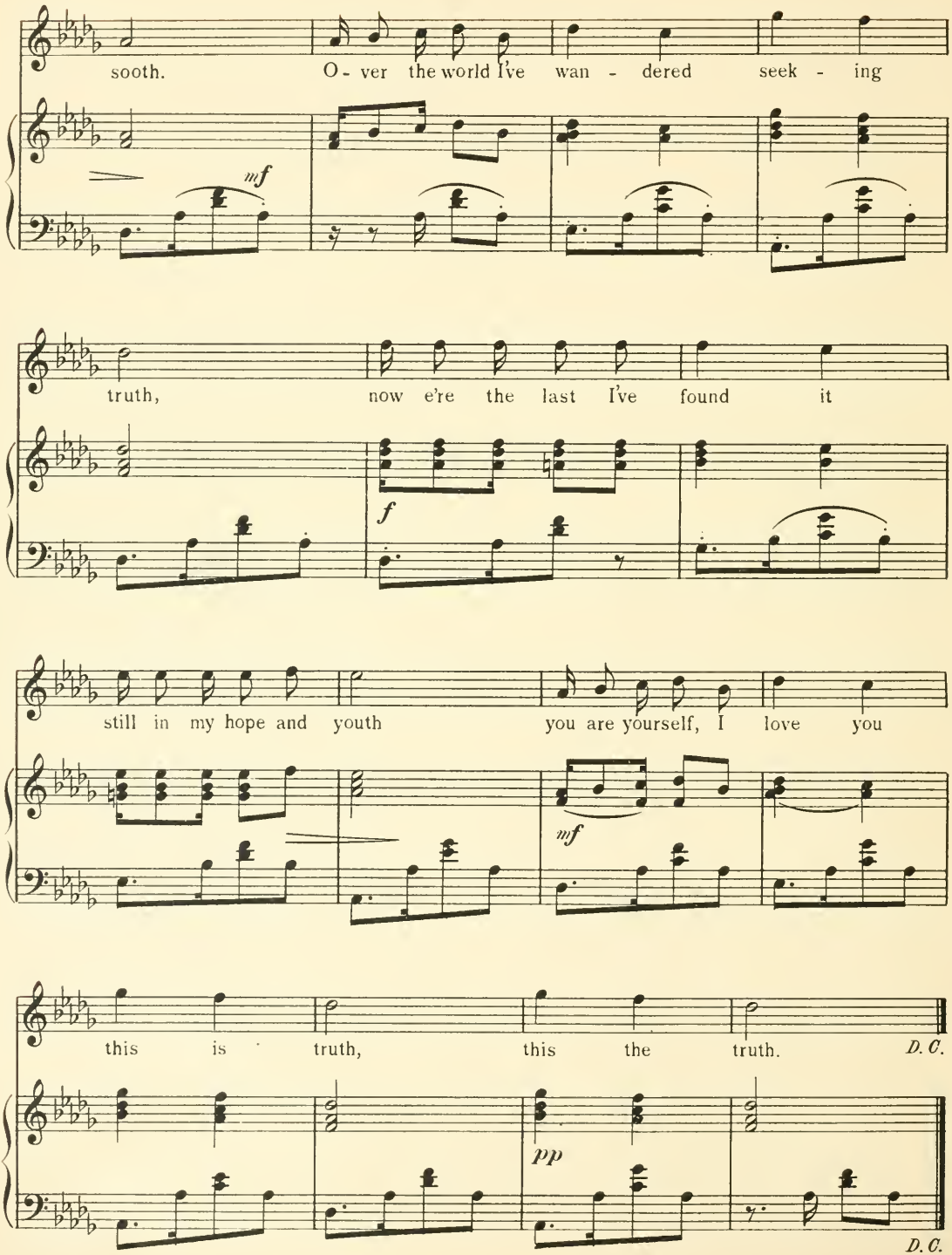

1-2-3.
4.
jus - tice? O fudge!
know what they see.
te - rior - - i - ty.
where he be - gan.
After report that Royal Amuser has said "It is a pleasant day."
5. A case an in - no - cent re - mark To cov - er guil - ty
6. The con - cept rake leads on to hay And hay to straw, and
7. We'll find what he has done with them. Pier - rot, how's your
deeds A pleas - ant day by con - trast To the thought of dark night
so To what is most like straw, in short To mod - ern nov - els
health? "'Tis ver - y poor, un - common poor." "Poor", says he to hide

leads. The night sug - gests a war - rior, arms And
go. A nov - el but an aft - er im - age Of
wealth. Wealth, ah, the nut - picks he has pawned! A
ar - mor straight-way beef Ex - pe - ri - ence, re-cent, fre - quent
an au - thor is. Dick - ens, Pick - wick, Nut - picks
ras - cal-ly knave is he; An un - sus - pect - ed thief is
brings A rake to mind in brief.
and We know what crime is his!
caught Our sys - tem's worth you see.

This is Truth.

Words by
E. C. BREWSTER.

Music by
G. C. TAYLOR.




sooth. O - ver the world I've wan - dered seek - ing
mf
truth, now e're the last I've found it
f
still in my hope and youth you are yourself, I love you
mf
this is truth, this the truth.
D. C.
pp
D. C.

MUQ

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